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GOETHE'S

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA:

Translated into English verse.

LONDON:
DAVID NUTT, 270, STRAND.

M.DCCC.LXII.

PREFACE.

THE highest place in the German Temple of Fame undoubtedly belongs, and probably always will belong, to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, although he achieved no one great work like those of Homer, or Virgil, or our own Milton. Perhaps the time for such performances is now gone by, so that we ought scarcely to expect the rare felicity of a first-class poet discovering a subject entirely worthy of his energies, and fit to display the whole extent of his genius. Or, perhaps, the mind of Goethe was one which refused to be thus tied down. At any rate, long as was his life, and wonderful his energy, he never found the occasion, or never had the will, to attempt that one lofty flight which so very few have succeeded in attempting, but which he, surely, if any one, might have had the power to make.

Nor does this seem to be any matter of regret.

The great verities of Religion, the important facts of History, and the sad events of war, may in these latter days, be better dealt with in prose than in verse. It was not always so. The bard used to be both Chronicler and teacher; and poetry and rhythm, in some degree did for compositions what the printing press does now. In our poems the poetry is the chief thing; in those of old it was often more of an incident and an ornament.

Be this as it may, we ourselves may well be thankful that Goethe resisted the temptations of the stirring times in which he lived, and followed his own impulses, instead of busying himself with the doings of "Old Fritz" or of Napoleon, the wars of Germany, or the eruptions of modern France.

The chief of Goethe's poems are the poetic dramas of *Faust* and *Iphigenia, Torquato Tasso,* and *Hermann and Dorothea.* In all of these there are beauties, in almost every line, which can only be fully appreciated by a thorough German scholar, but yet there is much which can be given in English, and which it is most desirable that every intelligent English reader should be familiar with.

Of these extraordinary productions, *Faust*, the last in order of time, is by far the finest. It has been frequently translated, and, sometimes with so much care and skill, that it would be folly, especially when its difficulties are taken into account, to undertake the task again. The French translation by Prince Polignac is, however, the best I have yet seen, and the pictures of Ary Scheffer are the noblest illustration. *Faust*, with all its defects, stands alone and inimitable, like some magnificent rock in the ocean. Assuredly there is no resemblance between it and any other work, even of Goethe himself. However, all these works are perfectly original. Nothing is more remarkable than Goethe's Proteus-like variety. Did we not know the fact, we should hardly guess that any one of his poems had been written by the author of any of the rest.

To pass by *Iphigenia*,—after *Faust*, *Torquato Tasso* and *Hermann und Dorothea* appear to me to be almost the only poems of Goethe of which a person not reading German could hope to obtain an adequate idea. Of the former of these, I published a new translation in the summer of last year, and the latter, namely, *Her-*

mann, I now venture to present to the public in an English garb.

If *Tasso* and *Hermann* are inferior to *Faust* in power, they are, also, free from many of its faults. Both are distinguished by a stainless purity, a warm benevolence, and a sound and practical philosophy.

There is a beautiful contrast between the two: —*Tasso* treats of all things great, and is apt to fly over the heads of the million. *Hermann* is a simple tale and fit for all.

Hermann and Dorothea may be most advantageously considered as an *epic idyll*. It is not strictly an epic, for it relates to the concerns of comparatively humble life; nor yet is it entirely an idyll, for it is cast in the epic form, and contains many things peculiar to a higher class of poetry. Schiller goes so far as actually to call it "an epic, the pinnacle of Goethe's, and of all modern art." And most true Germans, I suppose, would be inclined to do the same. It has been discussed in voluminous notes, and essays, and prolegomena. It has been printed in every possible form; and whether from costly editions, or little copies on whitey-brown paper, to be had

for a few kreutzers, all Germany has read and delighted in it ever since it first appeared, some sixty years ago.

It is, in truth, a very pretty poem, full of artistic and finished pictures of middle German life, as it was about the period of the first French revolution; full of charming descriptions of persons and scenery—full, in short, of interest and instruction for almost every kind of reader. But plain and simple as it is, it still requires a very careful study, to be properly enjoyed. I myself read it more than once, without fully entering into its merits. I first took it up last May, in the cabin of a steam-boat, on the Rhine, between Manheim, "das freundliche Manheim," and Cologne, not very far, I dare say, from the nice little town in which the "Golden Lion" flourished. The day was damp and chill, and so I sat and worked at *Hermann*, translating it aloud for the benefit of an excellent and accomplished friend who travelled with me. The lecture ended, he left me for awhile, to look after his wife, who was getting cold over the third canto of *Childe Harold*, in the fog, on deck. On his return, he somewhat startled me by asking,

"how those twaddling old fellows were getting on." But a change had already come over "the spirit of my dream." I had got into the fourth book, as far as the Pear-tree, and a clever German lady, struck by my evident zeal for Goethe, had been talking about him, and reading portions of *Hermann* to me. After that, however a sense of "schwatzen" might, at first, have weighed upon my mind, *Hermann* grew in my estimation as *Tasso* had done before, till I began to think that my little amusement might prove an amusement to others also.

It is not to be wondered at that so many Germans agree with Schiller on this subject. As an idyll, *Hermann* is certainly at the head of its class. The characters are humble, but yet amiable, reflective, well-instructed, and even graceful; not mere peasants, like the fishermen of Theocritus, nor yet dancing peasants, in silk stockings, like those of the old French pastoral. At home they are good company for the "pastor" himself, and in the evening, in their social meetings, they can entertain themselves with the *Zauberflöte*, and the rest of the operas of Mozart.

The Germans are more tolerant of homely

scenes than we are. They love their cabbages, and pears, and hops, and vines, and domesticities, and have no objection to sit and talk of them for days together. The driving of Hermann is as great a matter to them as that of Automedon. The wine party in the cool back parlour, rivals any banquet either of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. The garden and vineyard of "mine host," by far surpass the gardens of Alcinous. And as for Dorothea, who, for one moment, could hesitate to affirm that there never was, and never will be, such another maiden? Goethe was not only a man who thought nothing human beneath his attention; but a German "to the back-bone," who heartily sympathized with the feelings of his countrymen. In *Hermann*, he seems quite in earnest, and indemnifies himself for having dallied so long with Greece and Rome, and walked to and fro with Mephistopheles. The thing is serious and real. There is no humour, except, perhaps, where "Fader" wants to take himself prematurely to his bed, to get out of the way of the crying of the women; nor one spark of what we call wit. In these, Goethe rarely, if ever, indulged. The poem of *Her-*

mann he did with grave propriety, like one engaged in an important work, and gave it elevation, not merely by fine writing, but by filling it with lofty thought, and ornamenting it with innumerable beauties; raising it, in short, as near to the epic as it could be raised without sacrificing its genuine character. It is indeed a bright and sunny representation of German life. Although not much like anything that Goldsmith ever wrote, it frequently reminds one of him. Goethe had far more both of intellectual and imaginative power than Goldsmith, more "objectivity," and less of that dreamy gentleness which invests the *Deserted Village*, and parts even of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with such a soft and Claude-like hue. As to beautiful simplicity of diction and of feeling, cheerful benevolence, and respect for "things lovely and of good report," Goethe, I say, in *Hermann*, often brings poor "Nolly" to our recollection, and it is pleasant to know that he was one of his enthusiastic admirers.

The "tableaux" in *Hermann* are delicious, especially the young lovers at the village fountain, the stormy autumn sunset, and the night-scene in the vineyard.

We do not immediately reconcile ourselves to the presence of the Muses, one of whom presides over each of the nine short books into which the poem is divided. Often as these ladies have been invoked since the days of Virgil, they have rarely been prevailed upon to stir from home, and must be now elderly, and fast "lapsing into confirmed spinsterhood." Yet here they come, in a friendly way, and with right good will, into the neighbourhood of the "exulting and abounding" Rhine, to grace the betrothal of the lovely Dorothea. Their first song was the "Wrath of Peleus' son," and this, I take it, is their last. The melody is still the same.

Finally, what shall we say of the metre? The subject of modern hexameters is a curious one. I myself more than doubt the expediency of resorting to them. Longfellow has used them in *Evangeline*. But had Goethe and he been duly drilled in youth in Latin verses, they could never, I think, have endured the frequent barbarisms of the German or English hexameter—a line, except in its original perfection, offensive to the highly cultivated ear, and conveying little, if any, sense of music to the ear of the

common reader. It has been tried in many countries—Spain, Italy, Holland, and even France; but, so far as I know, not more than tried. One of the earliest efforts of the moderns to introduce the ancient prosody was made in Hungary, as early as the year 1541, by John Erdösi. This worthy, a celebrity in his day, published a Magyar version of the New Testament, prefixing to each of the Gospels a poem in pure hexameters. Amongst us, Sir Philip Sydney wrote hexameters; but found few admirers, I suppose, and still fewer followers.

In the Bible we find several *accidental* hexameters. Of these I remember two, and one of them, unlike most English hexameters, without a fault:

"Bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron."

"Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

Goethe seemed really fond of the hexameter. A short vowel before a very barricade of consonants never appeared to disturb him, any more than Longfellow, who most probably aimed at something like rivalship.

It is curious that, in the two languages of Europe apparently least suited for the purpose, the most vigorous and successful attempts to write hexameters should have been made—that in English on the opposite side of the Atlantic—and both by authors of whom it is little disparagement to say that they were anything but classical scholars.

Thus disliking the modern hexameter, I could not bring myself to attempt *Hermann* in the original measure. Were any one to turn the *Iliad* or *Æneid* into hexameters, he must entirely fail, there is so little similarity of language. The German and the English are cognate. In translating, it is by no means enough to give the sense; the music also should be imitated, or the copy, in one of its chief features, is imperfect. And as the hexameter is from three to seven feet longer than the English line, there are some disadvantages in discarding it. Yet I preferred facing these disadvantages, to propagating what I believe to be a mistake.

There have, of course, been several translations of *Hermann und Dorothea*, and I hope that there will be many more. A noble picture cannot be too often copied or engraved, nor can a

beautiful poem be too often reintroduced in another dress. It has not happened to me to see any of these translations, and I know not whether I have done "my spiriting" better or worse than other people. It is enough for me that I have done it *con amore*, and, no doubt, differently from the rest; and that, in doing so, I may perhaps have achieved something for the better appreciation of German literature.

The Archbishop of Toledo, in *Gil Blas*, took leave of his secretary in some such terms as these:—"Adieu! Monsieur, je vous souhaite toute sorte de prospérité, avec un peu plus de goût." I confess that I should not like "my dear public" to dismiss me thus. Whatever slips I may have made in my translation, I trust that, on the whole, it will be found a tolerably faithful version; capable of affording a pleasant hour's reading to many a poetical idler. It is possible that during the present year, when crowds of strangers will probably visit us, some good "Hermann," *treu und fest*, may refresh his English by poring over this little book, in Kensington Gardens or elsewhere, and rejoice to find that the flowers of "faderland" are known and valued so far from home.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

CALLIOPE.

DISTRESS AND SYMPATHY.

NE'ER have I seen the market and the streets
So lonely! Of a truth, the town appears
Dead and swept out! Not fifty men, I think,
Of all our citizens remain behind.
What does not curiosity effect!
Each one is running, now, to see the band
Of hapless exiles. 'Tis almost a league
To the great road by which these exiles pass;
Yet on men stream, in the hot dust of noon.
I should not like to stir from hence to see
The misery of those good fugitives
Who, now, with what they may have chanced to save,
Leaving the fair lands of the Upper Rhine,
Come down to us, and wander thro' the nooks
And beauteous windings of this fruitful vale.
Well hast thou done, my wife, in sending out
Our son, so kindly, with some cast-off clothes,
And something, too, to eat and drink—to give

To these poor men. The rich, they ought to give.
And how the youngster travels! how he guides
His horses! The new carriage, too, looks well!
With comfort four can sit inside. The box
Is for a coachman. He goes, now, alone.
How smooth he turns the corners!—To his wife,—
Sitting beneath the gateway of his house,
The Golden Lion, in the market-place,
All at his ease,—mine host addressed these words.

To this the clever and judicious dame
Replied:—I seldom like to give away
My cast-off linen—'tis of so much use,
And is so difficult to buy. To-day,
However, I have given better things
For shirts and coverlets—for I had heard
Of childhood and of age in nakedness.
And—will you pardon me?—your press is robbed.
Especially, the Indian morning gown,
Of flowered cotton, with fine flannel lined,
Have I sent off.—'Tis old, and out of date.

On this, the worthy host laughed out, and said—
I shall much miss the good old cotton gown,
Of right East Indian stuff. That kind of robe
Is no more to be got. Well! Now-a-days,
I never wear it. One must go, forsooth,

Always drest up in waistcoat and surtout,
And in tight boots. Slippers and cap, good-bye.

See! quoth his wife.—There come some people home
Who went, in company, to see the troop.
By this time, certainly, it must have passed.
How dusty are their shoes! How every face
Is flushed, and each one takes his handkerchief
And wipes the sweat away! I should not like
To toil for such a sight, in heat like this.
The tale alone will be enough for me.

Earnestly, then, the worthy sire remarked—
A season and a crop like these are rare.
We shall bring in our fruit, as we have won
The hay, quite dry. The sky is clear. No cloud
Is to be seen. Since morn, a gentle breeze
Sweeps, with delicious coolness, o'er the fields.
'Tis settled weather, and the corn full ripe,
Already. In the morning we shall shear.

As thus he spake, the throng of men increased,
And women, too, returning to their homes,
Across the market. On the other side,
Rode also back the wealthy neighbour Rasch,
With his three daughters, to their splendid house,
In the calèche, at Landau newly built—

The foremost merchant of that thriving place,
Now full of life; for it was populous,
And there were manufactories and trade.
So sat the good old couple in the porch,
Amused with gazing on the wanderers.
At length, the worthy housewife spake again—
There comes the minister!—There, also, comes
Th' apothecary with him. They, at once,
Will tell us all that they have seen out there,
Which we, ourselves, so little wish to see.

Both came up kindly, and with greeting fair,
And sat down on the wooden bench beneath
The porch, and wiped the dust from off their feet,
Fanning themselves each with his handkerchief.

Then, all the mutual salutation o'er,
The doctor, in displeasure, thus began.—
Such, truly, is mankind! all are alike,
And ever on the gape, when sorrow falls
Upon a neighbour! Everyone slips out
To watch a fire, as it drives along,
Or some poor criminal condemned to die.
Now, everyone walks forth to gloat upon
The mis'ry of the exiles, and none thinks
That afterwards, and probably ere long,
A loss like theirs may happen to ourselves.
I hate this lightness; and it dwells in men.

The wise, high-minded pastor then replied.—
He was an honour to the place,—still young,
But knowing life, and all his hearers' wants.
The worth of Holy Writ he deeply felt,—
Which tells the state and destiny of man,—
And knew, besides, the highest worldly lore.—
And thus he spake:—I love not to find fault
With what good Mother Nature has bestowed
By way of harmless impulse on mankind.
What sense and reason cannot always do,
Such a propensity, which leads us on
So strongly, may. If curiosity
Did not entice us with its potent charms,
Say! could man ever apprehend how fair
Is the connexion of this universe?
He first desires to find out something new,
And then, with unremitting effort, seeks
For what may profit, and at last desires
The good which raises and ennobles him.
His lightness is, in youth, a cheerful friend,
Hiding all danger from him, and, at once
Obliterating every trace of grief
As soon as ever it has passed aside.
Truly that man is to be praised who, when
He comes to riper years, forms for himself
A sound discretion from such buoyancy,—
Who, both in sadness and prosperity,

Strives well and boldly—perfecting each good,
And finding out a remedy for ill.—

Th' impatient lady interrupted him,
Yet kindly,—Tell us, now, what you have seen,
For that is what I chiefly want to know.

Scarcely,—replied the doctor, earnestly,—
Can I recall, so soon, without much pain,
The things which we have seen.—And who can tell,
As it deserves, that tale of varied woe?
Already, from afar, we saw the dust,
Ere yet we reached the meadows; but the train,
Moving from hill to hill, could scarce be seen:—
'Twas little we made out. But, as we neared
The road across the valley, then the press
Of men and waggons became dense enough.
And then we saw a host of people pass,
And, with sufficient clearness, understood
How bitter such a sharp retreat must be;—
And yet, how glad the sense of life preserved.
Ah! it was sad to see the various goods
Which a well-furnished house contains,
And which a prudent master loves to set
Each, in its proper place, on every side,
Ready for instant use—for all there is
Is requisite and useful,—it was sad

To see all this, stuffed into carts and wains
Without arrangement. Sieves and woollen cloths,
Thrown upon presses, beds in baking troughs,
Sheets o'er the mirror. Ah! and as we saw
At our own fire, twenty years ago,
Danger takes from a man all power of thought,
So that he rescues many an article
Of little use and leaves the best behind.
Thus, here also, with injudicious care,
They carried loads of worthless trash away,—
Tiring, in vain, the horses and the beasts,—
Old boards and casks, the goosepen, and the cage.
Women and children also toiled along
With bundles, baskets, pails,—all full of things
Entirely valueless—for men dislike
To quit the smallest thing that they possess.
And so this pushing crowd advanced along
The dusty way, deranged and orderless.
One, with a feeble team, desired to march
At leisure, one was anxious to press on.
Then rose a cry of females, and of babes,
Half crushed, and the loud bellowing of kine,
And, mixed with these, the barking of the dogs,
And the sad moaning of the old and sick,
Who, raised upon the rude o'erladed wains,
Sat upon beds, and rocked from side to side.
Then pushed, it might be, from the narrow track

And on the very edge of the high road,
Some erring wheel would swerve, and in the ditch
A vehicle upset, whilst, far away,
Into the field, with horrible outcry,
The men were pitched, but without injury;
Then fell the packages close to the cart.
Any one, truly, who beheld the fall
Might well expect to see the people crushed
Beneath the weight of wardrobes and of chests.
Thus did the broken carriage lie—the men
All helpless—whilst the rest went quickly on,
Borne by the stream, and full of self alone.
We hastened up, and found the sick and old,
Who scarce could bear their long enduring pain
At home and in their beds, here on the way,
All faint and groaning with these recent hurts,
Burnt by the sun, and blinded by the dust.

On this, the manly host, much moved, replied:—
May Hermann meet with them, and give them aid!
I should not like to see them, for the look
Of woe distresses me. Affected by
The earliest tidings of such suffering,
We sent them, speedily, a little share
Of our abundance, that some few, at least,
Might profit. And we got relief ourselves.
But let us not renew these dismal thoughts;

For fear and care too easily find place
Within the heart of men—and these I hate
More than calamity itself. Come in
To this snug inner room, my cool saloon.
The sun appears not there, the sultry breeze
Heats not its strong-built walls. My wife will bring
A flask of eighty-three, to banish care.
This is no place to drink in, for the flies
Buzz round one's glasses, and then creep within,
And much enjoy the coolness of the wine.

Carefully, then, the good dame brought to them
Her fine, clear, wine, in bottles neatly cut,
On stand of polished tin,—green glasses, too,
Such as befit the vintage of the Rhine.
And, sitting down, the three soon gathered round
The well-rubbed table, circular and brown,
With massive feet. The glasses of the host
And of the minister together rang;
The other, in the mean time, pensively
Held his unmoved, until at last the host
Challenged him also with these friendly words.

Come, drink your wine, good neighbour! Until now,
God, in his mercy, has protected us
From all misfortune, and will still protect.
For who knows not, that, since the awful fire,

With which He punished, He has constantly
Poured blessings on us, and has treasured us
As man the precious apple of his eye,
Which, far beyond aught else, is dear to him?
And will He not, henceforth, sustain and help?
'Tis most in danger that one sees his power.
Will He again destroy this blooming town,
Raised newly from its ashes, and so blessed,—
Mar his own work, and frustrate all our toil?

Mild and distinct, the worthy priest replied:—
Cherish this feeling,—cling to this belief;
It makes us stedfast in prosperity,
And, in distress, it ever raises up
The surest confidence and noblest hope.

Then spake the host, with wise and manly thought:—
How often have I greeted, with surprise,
This stream of Rhine, when, in my journeyings,
I came on it again! It always seemed
Sublime, and always elevated me.
Yet, never thought I that its lovely shore
Would soon be but a wall to check the French,
And its broad bed an interposing ditch.
See nature guards us,—our brave people guard,—
And so does God himself. Who dare oppose?
Already are the combatants worn out,

And all things tend to peace. O! would that when
The long-desired Festival is held,
And when the organ and the bells peal forth,
And trumpets sound in our cathedral church,
Swelling the high Te Deum—Hermann there
At the same time, sir minister! might stand
Before you at the altar, with a bride;
And the great feast, observed throughout these lands,
Might be to us, on each succeeding year,
An anniversary of household joy!
But I am grieved to see the youth, who still
Bestirs himself so actively at home,
Awkward and slow abroad. He finds no joy
In cheerful company; and he avoids
The meeting of young girls, the gladsome dance,
Which most young men are eager to enjoy.

So spake he, and then listened. And they heard
The distant sound of tramping steeds draw near;
And soon the rolling carriage thundered on,
And passed beneath the gate's resounding arch.

TERPSICHORE.

HERMANN.

Now when the well-made youth at last came in,
The pastor looked at him with piercing glance,
And scanned his form and bearing with the eyes
Of an observer who can easily
Interpret men's appearance. Then he smiled,
And spake to him in these familiar terms :—
You come now like a changèd man. I ne'er
Saw you so lively, or your eye so bright.
You enter briskly, with a cheerful air;
One sees at once that you have shared your gifts
Amongst the poor, and got their benison.

With quiet, but with earnest words, the son
Replied to this :—Whether I acted well
Or no, I know not. My heart prompted me
To do what I now tell you in detail.
You, mother, were so long in seeking out
And choosing the old things, that it was late

Before your bundle was made up; and then
The wine and beer had to be slowly packed.
And when, at last, I drove into the street,
The crowds of citizens were streaming back,
With wives and children, on their homeward course,
And the poor exiles far upon the road.
I mended, then, my pace, and hastened on
Towards the village where, as I had heard,
They meant to pass the night, and seek repose.
But, when I got as far as the new road,
I spied a waggon, fitted with stout bars,
And drawn by oxen of the distant plains,
The largest and the best;—and near them walked
A maiden, with firm step, who, by a rod,
Guided the powerful animals, and urged
Or kept them back with judgment and with skill.
When the girl saw me, she came gently up
Towards my horses, and then said to me:—
Never before were we so sadly off
As now, when you behold us on this road.
'Tis not my wont to ask of strangers gifts,
Which they so oft bestow reluctantly,
Chiefly that they may get rid of the poor.
But stern necessity compels me now
To speak. Here on the straw, but just confined,
You see the wife of a rich landowner,
Whom I, with team and waggon, snatched away,

In the last stages of her pregnancy.
We are belated. She is scarce alive.
Her new-born babe lies naked in her arms;
And with but little could our people aid,
If we should find them at the village there,
Where we propose to rest to-night. I fear
They are, by this time, greatly in advance.
If you have but a few waste linen clothes,
As you seem of these parts, assist the poor.

Thus spake she; and the woman, pale and weak,
Raised herself from the straw, and gazed at me.
I said,—To good men a celestial voice
Oft surely whispers, when calamity
Hangs o'er their poorer brethren. Even now
My mother, apprehending your distress,
Gave me a parcel fitted to supply
The wants you suffer from.—I loosed the knots,
And gave her my good father's morning gown,
And shirts and linen; and she gave me thanks
With joy, and cried—The fortunate deem not
That wonders still take place;—in misery
Alone does man perceive the hand of God,
Who brings good men together. What by you
He does for us, to you may He repay!

I saw the woman handling joyfully

The various articles, especially
The soft, warm lining of the morning gown.
Now, said the maiden, let us hasten on
Towards the village, where our people rest
To-night, in one another's company!
There will I pay attention to the child.
And then she greeted me with heartfelt thanks,
Drove on her oxen, and so went away.
But I still lingered, and held in my steeds,
For I felt somewhat doubtful in my heart,
Whether to gain the village in all haste,
In order to distribute my supplies
Amongst the other people, or at once
Give the girl all, to share as she deemed best.
I soon decided in my heart, and drove
Softly along, and came to her and said:—
Maiden! my mother has not only stowed
Linen within the carriage, to supply
The poor with clothes, but she has sent, besides,
Food and a great variety of drink.
The boxes, here, contain enough of all.
And now I feel inclined to place these gifts
At your disposal, that I may fulfil
My task in the best way. You will divide
These things with judgment: I must trust to chance.

The maiden then replied,—I will dispense

Your presents fairly, and the neediest
Themselves shall soon exult. 'Twas thus she spake.
I opened every box, and soon brought out
The heavy hams, the bread, the wine, the beer,
And reached her all. I would have gladly giv'n
Still more, but all my chests were emptied out.
At the poor woman's feet she laid the stores,
And went her way. I urged my horses home.

When Hermann ceased, the doctor, full of chat,
Took up the conversation hastily, and said:—
O! happy he, who, in these days of flight
And of confusion, lives at home alone,
No wife or children clinging to his side!
I now feel quite at ease; nor would, for much,
This day be father of a family.
Oft have I thought I might be forced to fly,
And I have packed my things—the ancient gold,
And all my sainted mother's ornaments,
Of which, as yet, no item has been sold.
Much must, indeed, be left; its weight alone
Would hinder it from being so soon removed—
And I should grieve, altho' the worth be small,
To lose my plants, amassed with so much care.
Th' assistant must remain, that I may leave
My house with confidence. And if I save
My person, and my money, it is well.
Your single man escapes the easiest.

Neighbour, replied young Hermann, earnestly,
I do not think with you, nor praise your speech.
Can he be deemed a worthy man, who thinks
Of self alone, in joy and in distress;
And never shares his pleasures or his pains,
Or owns one genial impulse of the heart?
Rather would I, as I have ever thought,
At once determine on the marriage state;
For many a worthy girl requires the aid
Of man,—and man, he needs a cheerful wife
Whene'er misfortunes come. The father smiled,
And said—I'm glad to hear you speaking thus;
You seldom utter aught so sensible.

But the good mother hastily went on—
Son! truly you are right; we elders set
A fair example, for we did not choose
Each other at a time of happiness,
And the sad hours did but unite us more.
That Monday morning—I remember well,
For 'twas the day after the frightful fire
That wasted our fair city—twenty years
It is ago. 'Twas Sunday like to-day,
The air was hot and dry, and, in the place,
But little water. The inhabitants
Were all out walking, in their best attire,
Scattered about the villages, and mills,

And various hostelries. The fire began
At the extremest outskirts of the town.
The flames spread rapidly along the streets,
Raising the wind that fanned them; and the barns
Containing the rich harvest stores were burnt,
And all the streets, down to the market-place:
My father's house, the next to this, was burnt;
And this as well. It was not much we saved.—
I sat throughout that dreary night outside
The city, in the meadows, to take care
Of all the chests and bedding; till, at last,
Sleep came upon me; and as morning rose,
And woke me by the coolness that one feels,
At dawn of day, I saw the clouds of smoke
And glare, and ruined walls and furnaces.
My heart was heavy; but the sun arose
Brighter than ever, and a ray of hope
Gleamed o'er my soul. I hastily got up.
A wish came over me to see the town
In which our dwelling stood, and if the hens,
Which I delighted in, were safe and sound.
My mind was childish still. Then as I stepped
Over the ruins of the house and court,
All smoking yet, and saw the house laid waste
And overthrown, you too, yourself, came up
Upon the other side, and searched around.
Your horse had been shut up within his stall,

And smouldering beams and rubbish lay above,
And naught was to be seen of the poor beast.
So we stood opposite each other—sad,
And full of thought; the wall had fallen down
That parted our court-yards. You took my hand,
And said—Elizabeth! how came you here?
Get you away! or you will hurt your feet—
The burning rubbish singes my stout boots.
You then supported me, and brought me here,
Thro' your own yard. The gateway and its arch
Were still remaining, as you see them now,—
They were the only things the flames had spared.
You set me down and kissed me,—I found fault;—
And then, with kind, considerate words, you said—
Behold! the house lies low! Stay here and help
Whilst I rebuild it; and, when that is done,
I will assist your father in my turn.
I understood not this till you sent off
Your mother to my father, and ere long
The gladsome wedding-vows were interchanged.
E'en to this day, I call to mind with joy
The half-burnt beams, and see yon glorious sun
Ascend as brightly as it did that morn;—
For then I won my husband; and those times
Of sorrow gave to me my only son.
Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou too,
In these sad days of havoc and of strife,
With open confidence wouldst dare to woo.

The father spake out merrily, and said—
The sentiment is laudable,—and true
The tale that you have told, good wife; for all
Happened as you describe. But "better, still
Is better,"—and it is not giv'n to all
To start afresh and recommence their lives;—
Not every one will have to grieve like us.
Lucky is he whose parents leave to him
A well appointed house, and who goes on
Increasing in prosperity. 'Tis hard
To make a start, and chiefly in our line.
A man requires much, and every thing
Grows dearer every day, so that one must
Look out beforehand for increased returns.
And so, my Hermann, I expect of you
That you will soon present to me a bride
Of handsome fortune. Every gallant man
Deserves a wealthy maid; and it suits well
When, with the wished-for mistress, there comes in
Something to fill the basket, and the store.
'Tis not in vain that, as the years roll on,
A mother lays up linen for her girl
In such profusion, and so fine and strong.—
'Tis not in vain men love the silver plate
Given by sponsors, and that fathers hoard
The few gold pieces treasured in their desks.
For one day, with her wealth and property

She will endow the young man of her choice.
Yes! I well know that every wife delights
In her establishment, when she beholds
In kitchen and in chamber her own things,
And beds and tables decked out by herself.
I would have none but a well-portioned bride
In this my house; for, at the end of all,
A husband comes to slight his poorer wife;
And she will still be as a serving maid,
Who enters with her bundle in her hand.
Men are unjust; and Love soon flies away.
Ah yes! my Hermann! you would cheer, indeed,
My closing years, if you would bring to me
A daughter from this very neighbourhood,
And from yon house—the green one—over there.
The man is rich; his fabrics and his goods
Add daily to his wealth. A merchant gains
On every side. There are three daughters there,
And only three; and they will share his gold.
I know the eldest is engaged;—the next,
And the third sister, are at present free,
Tho' not, perhaps, for long. Had I been you,
I never should have lingered until now,
But struck at once, as in your mother's case.

The son thus answered his too urgent sire,
Yet modestly:—My wish, indeed, like yours,

Was to select one of our neighbour's girls:
We were brought up together, and we played
Beside the market-fountain in our youth.
Oft have I saved them from unruly boys.
But that is long ago: they are grown up,
And always stay at home, and keep aloof
From such wild sports. They are well bred. I go
From time to time, for old acquaintance sake,
Across the way, as you yourself desire,
But never can enjoy their company;
For they are always finding fault with me,
And I have nought to do but to submit.
They think my coat too long,—the cloth too coarse,—
The colour common,—and my hair not dressed
And curled as it should be. I had a mind
At last to dress myself like the smart youths
Out of the shops, who love to show themselves
On Sundays in that quarter; but I saw
At once they always had the best of it.
This irritated me,—my pride was hurt,—
And still more was I vexed that my goodwill
Was thus repaid; and so I took a spite
Against them, and the youngest most of all.
But, last of all, at Easter I went there
In the new coat that only hangs up now
Inside the wardrobe. Oh! I was got up,
And curled, like the aforesáid gentlemen.

When I went in they tittered. At the time
I did not notice this. And Minna sat
At the piano, by her father's side,
Who heard her sing, and was in ecstasies.
I understood not much of what she sang,
"Tamino"—"Pamina"—was all I caught.
Not liking to be wholly dumb, I asked,
As soon as Minna ceased, about the words,
And these two persons; but all held their peace,
And laughed; and, to mend all, her father cried
"He only knows his Adam and his Eve."
None then refrained. The girls all laughed aloud,
And the young men. The father shook his sides.
In my confusion, I let fall my hat;
And, as they sang and played, the mirth increased.
So I rushed home, ashamed, and full of wrath,—
Hung up the coat, and with my fingers pulled
The ringlets out, and swore I ne'er would cross
That door-step more. And I was surely right,
For they are cold and idle; and I hear
"Tamino" is the name they call me by.

His mother answered:—You ought not so long,
My Hermann! to be angry with the girls;
They are but girls. Minna is really good,
And always shewed a preference for you.
Lately she spoke of you. Come, fix on her.

The son replied with thought:—I do not know;
That slight of theirs so deeply wounded me,
That I should always hate to see her sit
At the piano, or to hear her songs.

His father then broke out with scornful words.—
I find but little joy in you! I said,
When you took pleasure only in the farm,
And horses,—what the servant of a man
Of substance executes, you do.—Meanwhile,
A father feels the want of such a son
As may do credit to him in the eyes
Of other citizens! In early days,
Your mother buoyed me up with empty hopes,
When in the school your reading,—writing,—tasks,—
Were worse than those of others, and you sat
Always the last.—No doubt it must be so,
Where'er the sense of honour liveth not
In a youth's breast, and when he will not rise.
If my own father had so cared for me,—
As I have done for you,—sent me to school,—
And hired teachers for me, I had been
Something far diff'rent from an innkeeper.—
The son rose up, and drew near to the door,
Silent, and slow, and calm;—his father, vexed,
Called out to him: Aye; go away! I know
Your obstinacy! go and carry on

The business. 'Tis not that I blame you for:
But do not think that you shall ever bring
A sluttish peasant girl into this house
To be my daughter! I have lived full long,
And know the way of dealing with mankind;
Both gentlemen and ladies I can treat,
So that they leave content. I know, besides,
How I may please and win each traveller.
The girl that I adopt must meet my views,
And so alleviate my weight of care;
She must play to me, and must entertain
The best, and gayest, people of the town,—
Such as are used to visit at the house
Of our good neighbour.—Hermann lifted up
The latch, and gently quitted the saloon.

THALIA.

THE CITIZENS.

HERMANN, abashed, fled from this rough attack—
But, as he had commenced, the sire went on.—
What is not in man comes not out of him,
And I shall ne'er enjoy th' accomplishment
Of my most heartfelt wish that this my son
May not alone be like me, but surpass.
For what would be the house, or what the town,
Did not the people strive, with constant zeal,
To keep up all, restore, and e'en improve—
As time advances, and the nations learn!
Man ought not, like a mushroom, to spring up
And rot upon the ground that nourished him,
Leaving no trace of life-like energy!
One plainly sees, at once, in any house,
What sort of character the master is,
In the same way that, entering a town,
One well can estimate its magistrates.
For where the tow'rs and walls are falling, where

Filth chokes the ditches, and where refuse lies
In all the streets, where stones displaced by time
Are not restored, where timbers are decayed,
And buildings stand in need of fresh support—
The place is badly governed. And, besides,
Where cleanliness and order issue not
From those above, there lives the citizen
Contentedly, in dirty negligence
Like any beggar in his squalid rags.
On this account I wished that Hermann soon
Should go from home to travel, and at least
See Strasburg, Frankfort, friendly Manheim too,
Built with such uniformity and taste.
For he who has inspected towns like these,
So large and neatly kept, will never rest
Without doing something for his native place,
However small. Does not each visitor
Admire, here, the renovated gates—
The fair white tower and the church restored?
Do not all praise our pavement? and canals
So well supplied with water, so enclosed,
And so distributed? which bring to us
Both profit and security; for, now,
A conflagration might be checked at once.
Has not all this been done since the great fire?
Six times have I been president of works,
And gained the praises and the hearty thanks

Of the good citizens. What I designed
Was followed up with spirit, and the plans
Of worthy men effected, which they left
Imperfect. So, at last, the feeling spread
To every member of the council board—
All now bestir themselves. The new cross road
Which leads to the great road, is opened out.
But I suspect the juniors will not move,
For some think but of pleasure and of show—
For the time being—others stay lazily
At home, and merely brood beside the stove.
And such, I fear, our Hermann will turn out.

The prudent mother answered him at once—
Towards your son you always are unjust!
And so defeat all hope of his success.
We cannot mould our children as we will.
As God has giv'n them, so must we accept
And love, and bring them up, as best we may,
And suffer them to follow their own bent.
One has this quality, another that.
Each needs his own, and can be only good
And happy in the way that suits him best.
I will not hear you blame my Hermann thus.
For I am sure that he is worthy of
All that we may inherit. He will prove
A worthy host, a pattern for the men

Both of the town and country. And I guess—
That in your council he will not be last.
But, every day, with scolding and reproof,
You crush all spirit in the poor lad's breast,
As you have done just now.—She left the room
And went after her son, if anywhere
She might discover him, and with kind words
Soothe him, as that good son so well deserved.—
When she was gone, the father laughed and said—

Wonderful creatures are those sons and wives!
All of them want to follow their own whims,
And then, forsooth! be flattered and caressed.
The good old proverb, once for all, holds good,—
Who goes not on goes back! 'Tis even so.

Th' apothecary, musing, thus replied—
Sir neighbour! I agree with you, and look
Myself towards improvement, when the cost
Is not too great, and when the thing is new.
But is it well, when men do not possess,
Much wealth, to be so busy, and so prompt,
And to be altering on every side?
The citizen is but too sorely pinched;
And cannot do the good he contemplates;
His purse is far too weak—his wants too great;
So he is always stopped. I should have done

Something myself; but who is not afraid
Of the expense of change, especially
In ticklish times like these? My house, ere this,
Might have looked smart, in fashionable guise,
My windows might have gleamed with larger panes,
Could one have done as the rich merchant does,
Who, to say nothing of his means, knows how
To get the best of everything. Look, now,
At that house over there—the new one! See
How prettily the various ornaments
Of the white stucco-work display themselves
On the green pannels! How magnificent
Are those vast windows, with their shining glass!
The others are quite thrown into the shade.
And yet our houses were about the best
After the fire,—mine, the Angel,—yours,
The Golden Lion. And my garden, too,
Was famed throughout the place. Each traveller
Stood and looked thro' the railing, to behold
The forms grotesque of mendicant and dwarf.
Those whom I had to coffee, in the shade
Of that fine grotto, which is covered, now,
With dust, and half in ruins, took delight
In the prismatic brightness of the shells,
So tastefully arranged, and connoisseurs
Themselves, with dazzled eyes look at my ores
And coral branches. And my pictures, too,

In the saloon, were equally admired,
Where high-dressed lords and ladies took the air
In pleasure-grounds, and with their dainty hands
Plucked and held out the flowers. Ah! now-a-days,
Who would e'en look at this! I am displeased,
And seldom go abroad. All must be changed,
And done with taste,—as they pretend to say.
The palings must be white, the seats of wood,
And smooth and uniform. Men will not have
Carving or gilding, and the timber, now,
From foreign parts is dear. Yet I should like
To purchase something new,—go with the times,—
And oft make changes in my furniture.
But yet one fears to alter the least thing—
For who can pay the wages people ask?
It came into my mind, some time ago,
To let the angel Michael who is placed
Above my shop be gilt,—the dragon, too,
That grimly twists himself around his feet;
But I have left them, smoky as they are,
And must confess I shudder at the cost.

EUTERPE.

MOTHER AND SON.

'Twas thus the men amused themselves with chat,
While the good mother went out to the front
To seek her son upon the bench of stone,
Where was his usual seat.—She found him not,
And so passed to the stable, to look there,
Where the fine stallion horses stood, which he
Himself attended to, and which, as foals,
He bought, and trusted to no other man.
Th' assistant said that he had gone away
Into the garden. So she followed him
Thro' the long double court, and left the stalls
And barns well-chambered, and the garden sought,
Which stretched out, widely, to the city wall.
Thro' it she passed, enjoying its rich growths,
And put to rights the props, on which the boughs
Of loaded pear and apple trees reposed,
And picked some worms from the luxuriant kail;
For active wives take no one step in vain.

At length she came to the extremity
Of the large garden, where an arbour stood,
Bedeckt with woodbine; but found not her son.
A little door, however, was unbarred,
Which, by especial favour, thro' the wall,
An ancestor—the burgomaster then—
Had been allowed to open. So she crossed
Quite easily the ditch, to where the path
Of their well-fencèd vineyard, looking south,
Rose from the public way. Then, up she went,
Rejoicing in the richness of the grapes,
Which the deep foliage scarcely served to hide.—
The main high avenue was shaded o'er,
And one ascended it by steps of plank
Rough-hewn. And here there hung the choicest fruit,
Bright Chasselas, and purple Muscatel,
Of largest size,—to grace the festive board.
The other part was fill'd with single stocks,
Bearing much smaller bunches, out of which
They made the precious wine. Still up she went,
Thinking with pleasure of the vintage feast,
And all the country round in jubilee,
Picking and treading out the grapes, and then
Stowing the must in casks,—at evening, too,
Of fireworks gleaming out on every side,
To do high honour to the festival.
Yet she went restlessly; for twice, nay thrice,

She called her son, and echo still replied,
Thrown from the buildings of the noisy town.
It seemed so strange to seek him—him, who ne'er
Went far without informing her, to spare
His loving mother from anxiety.
But still she hoped to find him on the way;
For both the upper and the lower gate
Stood open. Then she went into the field,
That, with its wide expanse, crown'd all the hill.
Still trode she her own ground, and joyed to see
The crops of rye, and nobly waving wheat,
That moved itself, like gold, along the slope.
Going on between the ridges, by the path,
She had the goodly pear tree in her sight,
Which stood upon the hill,—the boundary
Of all the ground belonging to the house.
Who planted it none knew. O'er all the place
It stood out large and broad. The fruit of it
Was famed; and, underneath, the reaper band
Resorted, to enjoy their noontide meal,
And in its shade the herdsmen loved to watch.
For there were benches of rough stone and sod.
Nor was she wrong: there Hermann sat at rest,—
Sat, with his arms across, and seemed to look
Over the plain, towards the range of hills.
His mother stood behind him; but ere long
She glided up, and lightly touched his arm.
He turned, and then she saw he was in tears.

Mother, he cried, you take me by surprise!—
And hastily the youth, of noble heart,
Dried up his tears.—How! do you weep, my son?—
Exclaimed the mother, all confused like him.—
You are not like yourself. 'Tis the first time
I ever saw you thus! Say, what has stirred
That heart of yours? And what induces you
To sit alone under the pear tree here?
And what has brought these tears into your eyes?

The good young man composed himself, and said,—
Truly, there is no heart within that breast,
Which does not sympathise with the distress
Of these much injured men. There is no mind
Within his brain who does not now lament
For his own sake, and for his Fatherland.
What I have seen to-day has stirred my heart.
And I came out and viewed this glorious scene,—
This noble country which now spreads itself,
In richest undulations, all around.
I saw the golden harvest nodding there,
Betokening plenty in the well-filled store.
But, ah! how near the foe! The river Rhine
Guards us, indeed; but what are streams and hills
To that fierce people, coming like a storm,
Who, from all quarters, call both young and old,
And with resistless force press on—a crowd,

Careless of death, in countless multitudes?
Ah! dares one German, now, remain at home,
And hope to shun the all-impending fate?
My dearest mother! at a time like this,
I tell you, that I grieve to be exempt
From the conscription as an only son.
The trade is heavy, and the business great;
But would it not be better to resist,
There on the frontiers, than to wait for loss
And bondage here? Yes! yes! a spirit cries,
And raises in my inmost heart the wish
To live and die for this my fatherland,
And give a bright example to the rest.
O were the power of the German youth
Pledged, on that frontier, never to give way
To strangers—on our noble land—no foot
Of theirs would ever step; ne'er would they eat
The produce of the soil before our eyes,
Nor lord it o'er the men, nor offer wrong
To wives and maidens! Mother, pray attend,—
I have determined in my heart of hearts
Promptly and soon to do what I think right
And wise. He does not always choose the best
Who muses long. Look! I return no more
To yonder house! From hence I go, direct
Into the town, and to the soldiers there
I give this arm and heart for Fatherland.

Ask, then, my father, whether in this breast
No sense of honour lives, and whether I
Am really one who will not try to rise?

The wise good mother, shedding quiet tears—
Her tears soon flowed—thus thoughtfully replied:—
Son, what has brought you to this state of mind,
That you no longer speak, as you were wont,
To me your mother, freely, openly,
And say what 'tis that you are aiming at.
If some third party heard you talk just now,
He would commend you highly, and would deem
Your resolution a most noble one—
Led by your words, and by your weighty speech.
But, see! I know you better, and I blame.—
You hide your heart, and speak not what you think.
For I well know, the trumpet and the drum
Have got no charms for you; you do not want
To strut in uniform before the girls.
Your true vocation is, however stout
You are, to keep the house, and mind the land.
So frankly say whence comes this new intent?

The son replied,—Mother, you err: all days
Are not alike. The youth becomes a man,
And often ripens better in repose
Than in the turmoil of a wild, rude life,

Which has o'erwhelmed so many a hopeful youth.
And still as I have been, and am, a heart
Is formed within my breast which hates all wrong,
And I know well how to discriminate.
My work has made me strong of foot and hand.
And I can boldly say all this is true.
Yet, mother, you are right in blaming me;
You have detected words but true in part—
For I confess to you, the present risk
Is not what calls me from my father's house,
Nor yet a lofty ardour to assist
My Fatherland, and make myself the dread
Of its oppressors.—What I said just now
Was only words, and only meant to hide
From you the feelings which weigh on my heart.
Then, leave me, mother! As I nurse vain hopes
Within this bosom, so, perchance, my life
May pass in vain pursuit. For well I know
The solitary wounds himself, who strives,
When others join not with him in the cause.

Go on!—the prudent mother answered him—
Tell all you have to tell, both great and small,
For men are violent, and in extremes,
And opposition turns them from their way.
Women are fit to take a middle course,
And even cleverly to make a cast,

In order, finally, to gain their end.
Tell me distinctly, then, on what account
You are so deeply moved—so moved, indeed,
As I have never seen you—for your blood
Boils in your veins; and, much as you may try
To keep them back, the tears start from your eyes.

The poor young man then yielded to his grief,
And wept aloud upon his mother's breast,
And softly made reply:—My father's words,
To-day, in truth, have sorely wounded me,
As I have not, at any time, deserved.
For honouring my parents always was
My greatest joy, and none appeared to me
Better, or worthier of respect than they,
Who guided me in childhood's twilight hours.
From my playfellows I have suffered much
When they repaid my kindness with ill-will,
And oft have failed to punish as I might.
But if they jested on my father,—when
He paced on Sunday solemnly from church,
Or laughed at his laced cap, and at the flowers
Of the famed morning gown, which, with such pride,
He used to wear, and which is gone to-day,—
I sternly clenched my fists, and fell on them,
And sparred and hit with unreflecting rage,
Not caring where, until they howled aloud,

With bloody noses, and were glad to fly
From my pursuit, and from my angry blows.
So I grew up, alas! to suffer much
From my own father, too, who oft, for want
Of some one else, made his attacks on me,
If, at a recent session of the guild,
He had been vexed; and so I had to pay
For his associates' quarrels and cabals.
You often pitied me, for I bore much.
The thoughts and wishes of the old are bent
On prospering. They strive, alas!
To heap up riches, and deprive themselves
Of many things, that they may hoard for us.
Yet, ah! that hoarding, merely to enjoy
At some far distant time, can never yield
True happiness, tho' gold be piled on gold,
And acre joined to acre. All the good
Of such possessions has an early end.
And thus the father ages, and the sons
Alter with time, missing the present joys
Of life, and for the morrow, full of care.
Look down and see, how nobly yon fair lands
Extend in fertile beauty, and, beneath,
Vineyard and garden, and then come the barns
And stables—a long range of property!
But there, behind all this, I see the house,
And the low casement of my little room

Beneath the gable, and I next look back,
And think upon the past, how many a night
I waited for the moon, how many a morn
I longed for sun-rise, for a few short hours
Of sound repose were all I needed there.
Ah! they seem desolate, just like that room,—
Both court and garden, and the noble fields
Stretching along the summit of the hill—
All is a blank to me,—I am alone.

The good, judicious, mother answered thus—
My son, you do not more desire to bring
A bride to us—for sweet companionship
In your lone hours, and that the tasks of day
May go on freely, with a certain aim—
Than we, your parents wish it. Constantly,
Have we advised, nay urged you, to select.
But it is known to me,—my heart declares,—
That when the proper moment never comes,
Nor the right maiden at the proper time,
Choice is far off, and then there comes the dread
Of choosing wrongly, at the last of all.
But, let me say, my son, your choice is made,
As I believe; your heart is plainly touched,
And more than usually sensitive.
Speak out, now, plainly; for my mind suggests
That 'tis the exiled maiden whom you love.

It is! dear mother! you are right—the son
Answered, at once, with quick vivacity.
Yes! it is she! and if I bring her not
Home, to the house, engaged, this very day,
She will go hence, and will be lost to me
Perhaps for ever, in the fate of war,
And in the dangers of a sad retreat.
Mother, if so, in vain the rich estate
Will bloom before mine eyes, and future years
In vain be plentiful, the well known house
And garden I shall hate, and, ah! the sight
Of a dear mother will no longer cheer.
For love, I feel, unlooses every band
In fastening its own, not only then
Does the young maiden turn, and leave behind
Father and mother and go with the man
Whom she has chosen, but the young man, too,
Forgets his parents when he sees the maid
His first and only love about to part.
Then let me go where my despair may lead!
My father has pronounced the final word.
His house is no more mine, since he rejects
The only maiden whom I wish for there.

Then the good mother hastily replied—
Can men thus stand, like two opposing rocks!
Will each, unmoved and proud, remain apart!

And scorn to utter the first kindly word ?
I tell you, now, my son, that hope still lives
Within my heart, that he will give consent,
If she be good and honest, altho' poor,
In spite of all he said on poverty.
He oft says much in his impetuous way
Which he ne'er follows up, and also yields
To what he railed at. But he always likes
A pleasant word, and so far he is right,
For he is head. At table too, we know,
His temper will break out, and then he speaks
With violence, and loves to cavil at
His friends' positions without proper thought.
For wine excites his arbitrary will
And will not let him hear what others say,
So that he follows his own impulses.
But evening now comes on, and talk enough
Has been exchanged by him and his two friends,
And he is always mildest when the storm
Has passed away, and he begins to feel
The wrong that he has hastily displayed.
Come we will risk it ! boldness will succeed—
And we shall want the friends who sit with him—
The worthy minister especially.

She spake in haste, and rising from the seat
Raised up her son, who followed willingly,
And they went down, on weighty purpose bent.

POLYHYMNIA.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

The three remained engaged in constant chat—
The minister, the doctor, and the host—
And still the conversation was the same,
Touching on various subjects as they rose.
But the good priest, of honest mind, demurred:—
I will not contradict you. I well know
That man should always strive to raise himself;
And, as we see, man longs for higher things,
Or, at the least, seeks after novelty.
But go not on too far; for with this wish
Nature gives also the propensity
To tread in ancient paths, and to enjoy
That which each man has been accustomed to.
All states of life are good which coincide
With nature and with reason. Man's desires
Are boundless, tho' his real wants are few;
For time is brief, and destiny hems in.
I do not blame the man who is impelled

By restless energy to plough the seas,
And journey o'er each pathway of the earth,
All to enjoy the gains he may have heaped
In such abundance round himself and his;
But still I honour the calm citizen
Who walks about his own inheritance
With tranquil steps, and cultivates the ground,
As every hour demands. It changes not
For him, as the successive years roll on.
The newly planted tree is in no haste
To raise its arms aloft, adorned with bloom.
No! man needs patience, and he needs, besides,
A clear, an ever-equal, quiet mind,
And a right understanding. But few seeds
Does man entrust to the all-fostering ground,
And but few animals can he contrive
To rear and utilise;—and all his thoughts
Centre, at last, on what may prove of use.
Happy is he to whom kind nature gives
A mind thus formed. 'Tis he who feeds us all!
Hail, also to the worthy citizen
Who mixes country work with business!
On him the pressure does not lie which keeps
The farmer down so painfully; the cares
Of the mere grasping townsmen vex him not—
People who always try to emulate,
Without due means, the wealthy and the great,—

The women most of all. Be thankful, then,
For the fine, placid temper of your son,
Who soon will choose a helpmate like himself.

He ended, as the mother entered in,
Leading her son, whom by the hand she held,
Up to her husband.—Father!—she exclaimed—
How often have we talked, in privacy,
Of the glad day we hoped some time to see,
When Hermann, choosing for himself a bride,
Would crown our happiness! Now here, now there,
We turned our minds; at one time marking out
This maiden, and then that, to be his wife,
With all the fond garrulity of age.
And now that day is come, and Providence
Has brought to us, and pointed out the maid.
His heart is fixed. Did we not always say
That he himself should choose? Have you not wished,
This many a day, that he would look about
With purpose, and with spirit, for some maid?
Now is the hour arrived, and he has felt,
And chosen, and decided, like a man.
It is the stranger-girl he met today.—
Give her to him, or else, as he has vowed—
He will remain unmarried, as he is.

The son then said—Father! consent! my heart

Speaks clear and firm; and she will be to you
A daughter worthy of your tenderest love.

The father held his peace, and then the priest
Rose quickly up, and took the word, and said—
A moment oft may fix the life of man
And all his destiny; we counsel long,
Whilst to decide is but a moment's work—
The wise alone it is who judges right.
'Tis always perilous, in making choice,
To weigh particulars too anxiously,
And so perplex the instincts of the mind.
Direct is Hermann. I have known him long,
And even as a boy he never grasped
At everything he saw. What he desired
Was that which suited, and he held it fast.
You need not wonder, then, that now, at once,
The object he has sought so long appears.
As yet, indeed, it does not wear the form
You might have pictured to yourselves—for hope
Still veils that which we hope for, and all good
Comes to us in its own peculiar shape.
Prejudge not then the maiden who has moved
For the first time th' affections of your son,—
Always so good and prudent. He is blest
Whose love, at once, holds out to him the hand,
Whose dearest wish fades not in secret pain

Within his breast. Aye! as I look on him
I see the die is cast. An impulse true
Has changed the youth, at once, into the man.
He is not fickle. Put a stop to this,
And I much fear that all his fairest years
Will pass, henceforth, in living wretchedness.

At once the doctor, on whose lips the words,
Had long been trembling, thoughtfully replied.
Let us, at present, take a middle course,
"Haste, cautiously!". Augustus Cæsar used
This motto. I am ready to devote
Myself to my dear neighbours, and apply
What skill I have to serve their interests.
And youth, especially, requires a guide.
Let me go forth; and I will prove the girl,
And ask the company with which she lives—
And where she is well known. None easily
Impose on me. I know the worth of speech.

The son, with wingèd words, replied, at once.—
Do so, good neighbour, go, inform yourself.
But I desire the minister, also,
To bear you company; two men, like you,
Are witnesses whom none could well gainsay.
My father! she is no adventuress,
Roaming throughout the country, here and there,

To trap some heedless youth with artful wiles.
No! the wild fate of all destructive war
Which devastates the earth, and to the ground
Has hurled so many a dwelling, now thrusts forth
These wretched people. Do not nobles oft,
Of highest rank, contend with misery—
Chiefs fly disguised—kings suffer banishment?
So also, she, the best of all her sex,
Driven from the land, and careless of herself,
Stands by her friends, and destitute, gives help.
Great are the wants and woes that vex the earth;
And should no gleam of happiness shine out
O'er this distress, that I, within the arms
Of my appointed bride, may bless the war,
As you have often bless'd the awful fire?

At length the father opened out, and said,
How is it, son, that now your tongue is loosed,
Which, hitherto, for many a long year
Seemed stuck fast in your head, it moved so ill?
Am I this day to learn, what fathers all
May come to know,—that their son's wayward freaks
Are kindly favoured by a mother's aid,
Whilst every neighbour is in league with them,
As if to thwart the father and the spouse.
However, I resist not,—'tis in vain.—
I foresee nought but crying and illwill.

Go, make inquiries, and, in Heaven's name,
Bring the girl here, or else, forget all this.

With gladsome gesture, then, the son cried out,—
Before the evening that most charming girl
Shall be presented to you. She is one
Whom the intelligent will hail with joy,
And, as I trust, she will be happy too:
And I shall ever have her grateful thanks.
Father and mother I restore, in you,
As rightly judging children always wish.
I will delay no longer, but put to
The horses, and then drive our friends away
In search of her I love; and leave those friends
To their own counsels and intelligence.
I swear to you that I will acquiesce
In their decision. We shall meet no more
Until she is mine own.—He took his leave,
The party sagely weighing his affairs,
And, after brief debate, concluding all.

Now to the stables Hermann quickly went,
Where his high-mettled horses stood at rest,
Eagerly feeding on the choicest oats,
And well-won hay, from the most fertile land.
He put into their mouths the polished bits,
And thro' the silver buckles drew each strap,

And fastened, next, the stout and lengthy reins,
And led the horses out into the court.
The ready helper drew the carriage forth,
Moving the pole with ease. Then, carefully,
They bound the eager and true-working steeds,
By their neat traces, to the splinter-bars.
Hermann next grasped the whip, and took his seat,
And drove under the gateway. As the friends
Entered the spacious square, the carriage rolled
Lightly along. They soon were off the stones,
Leaving the wall and the bright towers behind.
Up hill and down young Hermann drove along,
Upon the well-known road, and lingered not
Until he saw the village spire again,
And houses, with their gardens, near at hand,
And thought it time to moderate his pace.

Beneath the grateful shade of linden trees,
Which, for a hundred years, had flourished there,
A large green meadow lay, bedeckt with turf,
Before the village. 'Twas a favoured spot,
Where peasants and the neighbouring townsfolk met.
Beneath the trees, there was a shallow pool,
Approached by steps, with seats of stone around,
Where the fair water constantly gushed out,—
Clean, and surrounded by a humble wall,—
That one might draw with ease: and Hermann, there

Made up his mind to stop, that in the cool
His horses might repose. He stopped, and said,
Alight, my friends, and go, that you may learn
Whether the maid be worthy of the hand
I offer her. It is my firm belief,
Nor, if it be so, shall I think it strange.
If I consulted for myself alone,
I should go quickly to the village there,
And, in few words, decide my fate at once.
You will soon know her from all other girls,
For, as to form, you scarce can find her like,
Yet will I give you the particulars
Of her becoming dress. A crimson zone
Supports her swelling bust: the darker vest,
Above all this, fits closely to her form.
The edge of the chemise, in careful plaits,
Lies gracefully beneath her rounded chin;
And the fine outline of her noble head,
Shows bold and free. Her hair, in massive braids,
Surrounds, with many a roll, its silver pins.
Beneath the boddice, a wide skirt of blue
Descends in copious folds, and, as she goes,
Waves round her well-turned ankles. This I say,
Nay, urgently enjoin,—do not address
The maiden, nor disclose to her your plans:
Merely consult the people, and attend
To what they say to you; and when you get

Intelligence enough to satisfy
My father and my mother, then return,
And we will think what further must be done:
This I determined as we came along.

He spake; and to the village the two friends
Passed on, where crowds of people swarmed around
In gardens, and in houses, and in barns;
And carts and waggons filled the spacious street.
The men attended to their lowing teams;
The women dried their clothes on every hedge,
And children played and dabbled in the brook.
Amidst these vehicles, and men, and beasts,
The envoys, pressing on, looked right and left,
If they might see the form so well described;
But neither of them spied that noble girl.
And soon they found the throng became more dense:
Amidst the waggons was a strife of men
Threatening each other, whilst the women joined
With shrieks. An old man, of imposing mien,
Stept quickly up towards the combatants,
And, as the tumult raged, commanded peace,
Rebuking in paternal, earnest terms:—
Has not misfortune, then, subdued us yet
To bear with one another, and put up
With some slight disarrangement of the goods?
The prosperous may dispute! but should not grief

Teach you, at length, no more, as you were wont,
To quarrel with your brethren? Now, give room,
Upon this foreign soil, to all, and share
That which you find, with mutual goodwill.

So spake the man, and none replied. In peace,
The people, now content, arranged their beasts
And carriages. But when the pastor heard
The stranger's words, and saw the gentle mind
Of the good magistrate, he went to him,
And spake, at once, in these impressive words:—
Most truly, Father, when, in happy times,
Men live at home, and draw their sustenance
From the broad earth, extending far and wide,
And yielding, ev'ry month and year, its gifts,
All things go smoothly on, and every one
Deems himself still the wisest and the best.
And so they live: the best instructed man
No more accounted of than all the rest;
For that which happens, does so quietly,
As of its own accord. But let distress
Affect the routine of their daily lives,—
Throw down the buildings,—lay the gardens waste,—
Drive men and women from their warm abodes,
And send them wandering by night and day,—
Oh! then one sees which is the wisest man,
And he speaks not his noble words in vain.

But tell me, Father, are you not in truth
The judge of these poor men—who could so soon
Appease their minds? Ah! you remind me now
Of some of the great men of ancient times,
Who led their people thro' the wilderness
In painful journeyings. I seem to speak
With Joshua or with Moses.—Upon this
The magistrate, with earnest look, replied:—

Our time, indeed, resembles those strange times
Which hist'ry, sacred and profane, describes.
He who has lived but through the last few days,
Has lived whole years:—all wonders are combined.
I look a little back,—a grey old age
Seems to lie on my head; but I possess
As yet life's energy. Yes! some of us
Might well compare ourselves with him to whom
In early days, out of the burning bush,
The Lord once spake, for even unto us,
In clouds and fire, He manifests himself.—

Now, since the priest seemed bent on further talk,
And wished to hear the hist'ry of the man
And of the people, his companion said
Aside, and in his ear,—Converse at ease
With the good magistrate, and bring your speech
To bear upon the maiden, whilst I go

To look for her, and come to you again
When I have found her. With a nod, the priest
Gave full assent. The Doctor, as a spy,
By hedge and barn and gardens took his way.

CLIO.

THE EPOCH.

When now the priest asked of the stranger-judge
What trials they had suffered, and how long
They had been driv'n from home, he thus replied,—
Our griefs are of long date. A bitter draught
Have we been made to drink for sev'ral years,
And all the worse, because our fairest hopes
Have been destroyed. For who can well deny
That in his heart a loftier feeling rose,
And that his bosom beat with freer pulse,
As the first gleam of the new sun burst forth,
And we heard of the rights of all mankind,—
Inspiring freedom—fair equality?
Each hoped to live unfettered, and it seemed
The chain was loosed that bound full many a land,
And had been forged by sloth and selfishness.
Did not all look, in those exciting days,
To the metropolis, that for so long
Had been the world's, and which still more deserved

So proud a title now? Was not the man
Who first proclaimed such news a man who might
Rank with the very highest under heaven?
Did not the spirit, and the character,
Nay, e'en the speech, of ev'ry one improve?
And we, like all our neighbours, caught the flame.
The war began, and bands of armèd French
Drew nearer,—but they seemed to us as friends;
And so they were, for all their hearts beat high.
They planted eagerly the living tree
Of freedom, promising to ev'ry man
His own—to ev'ry man the liberty
Of governing himself. The youths rejoiced,
So did the elders; and the gladsome dance,
Around the new rais'd standard, soon began.
Thus, soon did the preponderating French,
With prompt audacity, gain all the men,
And then the women by their graceful arts.
The pressure of th' inevitable strife,
Itself seemed light; for, in the distance, hope
Swept round before our eyes, enticing us
To newly opened paths. How bright and gay
Appears the time when some betrothèd pair
Swing in the dance, and wait their bridal hour!
But brighter was the time in which a lot
As high as man can look for seemed at hand.
Then every tongue was loosed; the old spake out;

And men,—nay, children,—full of lofty aims
And feelings. But, ere long, the sky gloom'd in.—
A baleful party, for the love of power,
Unworthy to achieve man's happiness,
Assailed each other, and at last pressed down
Their new allies and brethren, and sent out
A selfish host, whose chiefs made us a prey,
And robbed at large. The lowest spoiled the low,
And only looked that something might remain
For next day's plunder. Grievous was our state,
And every day the pressure became worse.
None heard our cry. The masters of the day
They had become. Then grief and rage ensued,
And cool determination. Every man
Vowed to avenge the wrongs that he had felt,
And the deep smart of doubly baffled hope.
And fortune turned towards the German side,
And the French troops fell back in sharp retreat.
Ah! then we felt the sad effects of war
For the first time. A conqueror is great
And good, or seems so; for he spares the foe
Whom he has vanquishèd and made his own:
Who daily helps, and serves him with his goods.
The flying soldier knows no such restraint;
His only aim is to escape from death:
He scatters desolation as he goes;
His soul is all on fire, and stern despair

Disposes his whole heart to cruelty.
Nought is now sacred,—nought that he will spare:
His wild desires fiercely urge him on.
He sees death ev'rywhere. His few last hours
He uses with grim joy,—delights in blood,—
And loves the wailings and the shrieks of pain.
Then sternly rose the spirit of our men;
Vengeance they sought for all that they had lost,
And to defend the goods that yet remained.
All flew to arms, encouraged by the haste
Of the retreating army, their pale looks,
And the shy, doubtful glances of the eye.
And now was heard the din of pealing bells,—
And urgent danger served but to increase
Our resolution. Soon we sought to use
The peaceful instruments of husbandry
As weapons of offence, and fork and scythe
Were bathed in blood. The foe was overthrown
Without compassion, and without remorse;
And courage raged, and timid spite alike.
May I ne'er see mankind again sunk down
In such a base confusion! The wild beast
In all its rage is a less fearful sight.
Let no one speak of liberty, unless
He has the power to command himself!
When all restraint is done away, the bad
Are then let loose, and right is set aside.

Good sir! the priest impressively replied—
I cannot blame you for despising men;
You have endured enough from savage deeds!
Would you, however, glance thro' these sad times,
You might yourself confess how much of good
You have beheld, and how much, lying hid
Within the heart, these perils brought to light.
Does not necessity impel mankind
To shew like angels, and to succour all?

The worthy judge then answered, with a smile—
You well remind me how, when houses burn,
One tells the sad possessor of his gold
And silver melted in the ruin'd heap:
'Tis only little, but 'tis precious too.
And the poor wretch digs for it, and finds joy
In what he gets; and so I turn my thoughts
To the good deeds my memory recalls.
Yes! I allow that I have seen the foe
Ceasing from enmity to save some town
From coming evil; and have seen our friends
And loving parents—even children—do
What seemed impossible. I saw the youth
At once start into manhood; and I saw
The old grow young again—the child himself
Act like a youth. Aye! and the weaker sex,
As they are termed, shewed brave and powerful,

And self-possessed. But let me here narrate
One glorious action before all the rest,
Done by a maid of great and noble heart,
Who, whilst the men were gone to meet their foes,
Was left in one large house with other girls.
A straggling, plundering, mob beset the court,
And entered next into the women's room.
They looked upon her fair and youthful form,
And on her pretty friends, scarce yet grown up;
And wild desires possessed them, and they rushed
On the brave girl, and on her shuddering train.
But she snatched from the side of one of them
A sword, and cut him down; and at her feet
He fell down bleeding. Then with manly strokes
The daring maid went on to set them free.
Four of the miscreants she killed, the rest
Escaped from death; and then she shut the gates,
And, arm'd, awaited the approach of aid.

Now, when the priest had heard this eulogy,
A hope at once arose for his young friend,
And he was on the point of asking where
She might be found, and whether in the train
Of the sad exiles she was journeying?

Just then the doctor came up hastily,
And touched the priest, and, in a whisper, said:—

At last, amidst a hundred other girls,
From the description, I have found her out;
So come and look at her with your own eyes,
And bring the judge with you, that we may hear
Further particulars; and so they turned.
But the good judge was called for by his friends,
Who wanted some advice. And so the priest
Went after his companion to where
The hedge was parted by a gap, thro' which
The doctor slyly pointed. Look, said he,
There is our maiden! She has drest the child:
And I well know the cotton morning gown,
And the blue bedquilt Hermann took away.
She has applied them well. The gift was good.
These are sure signs, and all the rest agrees.
A crimson corset neatly laced supports
Her noble bust, and the dark vest sits close;
The fair chemise turns over in a frill,
Beneath her rounded chin, with studied grace;
And bold and free the charming head stands out,
With its rich braided hair, and silver pins.
She sits upright, and so we plainly see
Her noble stature, and the wide blue skirt
Hanging in folds around her well turned limbs.
Beyond a doubt, 'tis she! So come, and learn
If she be good and virtuous, with tastes
Fit for domestic life.—The priest replied,
As with his eyes he scanned her where she sat,—

It is no wonder that she charmed the youth,
For she might please the most experienced eye.
'Tis well for those to whom Dame Nature gives
A perfect form, for it commends itself,
And everywhere and always finds a home.
If only pleasing qualities combine,
All flock around it, and are loth to part.
I am convinced the young man has found out
A wife to brighten all his future days;
Who, with a woman's power, will truly stand
By him thro' life. A frame like that
Suggests a perfect mind; and vig'rous youth
Holds out the prospect of a happy age.

To this the doctor cautiously replied,—
Appearances deceive! I would not trust
To mere outside; for I have often found
This proverb true—Until you have consumed
A peck of salt with one unknown before,
Trust him not lightly. Time alone unfolds
How you both stand, and the connection suits.
Let us go now amongst these worthy folks,
Who know the girl, and who will tell us all.

The priest made answer, as he followed him,
I praise your foresight. 'Tis not for ourselves
We woo; and doing so for another man
Is certainly a delicate affair.

So they went on to meet the magistrate,
Who passed along the street on his affairs;
And the well-judging priest addressed him thus:—
Tell us.—In that first garden we have seen
A maiden, underneath the apple-tree,
Preparing baby's clothes of cotton print,
Most probably a gift. We liked her looks;
She seems a girl of a superior kind.
What do you know? We ask with good intent.
But when the judge came up to look, he said—
You know the girl already. When I spake
Of the distinguished act a maiden did,
Who snatched a sword, and saved herself and hers—
'Twas she! You see how stoutly she is built;
And she is good as strong. Until their death
She tended her old relatives, who mourned
Their country's woes, and its uncertain state:
Also with quiet fortitude she bore
The loss of her betrothed, a noble youth,
Who in the outbreak of that lofty thought,
To fight for freedom, went to Paris, where
He suffered, presently, a fearful death;
For there, as here, revenge and pride were rife.—
Thus far the judge. They turned away with thanks.
And the good priest took out a piece of gold—
Long had he given away, in charity,
The silver from his purse as he perceived

The fugitives go by in mournful groups,—
And reached it to the magistrate, and said,—
Share this amongst the needy, and may God
Prosper my gift. The man refused, and said,
We have some dollars still, and many clothes
And goods; and I well hope we shall return
Ere all is spent. The minister replied,—
And, at the same time, pressed on him the gold,—
Let no man hesitate, in days like these,
To give, and none to take what charity
Would fain impart! None knows how short a time
That which he now enjoys may be his own;
None knows how long he may be forced to roam
In foreign lands, far from the well tilled fields
And gardens which supplied his livelihood.
Ah! said the busy doctor, had I gold
In my own purse, it surely should be yours,
Little or much, for this your company
Stands in great need; and yet I will not leave
Without some gift, to show you my good will,
But see how much the will exceeds the gift.
So he pulled out a curious leathern pouch,
Tied with a thong, wherein he used to keep
Tobacco; and he nicely opened it,
And gave enough to fill up several pipes.
'Tis but a trifle, he observed. The judge
Thus answered:—To the weary traveller

Some good tobacco never comes amiss.—
The doctor then went on to praise his own.
The pastor led him off; they left the judge.
Now let us go, said he, the young man waits
Most anxiously; so let him hear, as soon
As may be possible, the gladsome news.
They hastened on, and found the youth, who leaned
Against the carriage, by the linden trees.
Th' impatient horses stamped upon the turf;
He held the reins, and stood immersed in thought,
And looked before him, but saw not his friends
Until, with joyous mien, they spoke to him.
The doctor tried to speak, ere they came up.
When they approached, the good priest seized his hand,
And took the words from his companion's lip.
Young man, I give you joy! Your eye, your heart,
Have chosen well. Good luck to you and her—
Your earliest love! She is well worth the prize.
Come, turn the carriage, that we may go on
And find her at the village, and at once
Convey our treasure to your father's house.

But the young man stood still, without one sign
Of joy, on hearing these kind truthful words;
And deeply sighed, and said:—We came with haste,
And may return ashamed and sadly home;
For here, as I stood waiting, cares oppressed,

Mistrust and fear, and all that can disturb
A loving heart. O! could you ever think,
That if we came, the maid would follow us,
Because we happened to be rich, whilst she
Was poor and wandering as an exile here?
Unmerited distress makes people proud.
The girl seems frugal and industrious;
The world is all before her. Can it be
That one so beautiful, and well brought up,
Should for so long display her charms in vain?
Proceed not rashly. With discomfiture
We might return from hence. I greatly fear
Some youth has gained that heart, and some firm hand
Struck in, and mutual vows have been exchanged.—
Ah! where were I, with my rash offer, then?

To comfort him, the priest began to speak,
But his companion, in his fluent way,
Struck in:—In former times it was not thus,
For such affairs were always done by rule.
When parents fancied some one for their son,
They first engaged a friend, in confidence,
And sent him with proposals to the house
Of the appointed bride. In best attire
He paid a visit to the worthy folks,
On Sunday, after dinner, and exchanged
At first some friendly commonplace remarks,

Proceeding with dexterity to turn
The conversation as his purpose led.
Then, after long detour, the girl was named
In terms of compliment; and then the man
And family on whose behalf he came.
The shrewd old people soon observed his aim;
And the quick envoy marked their wishes too,
And was enabled to explain himself.
If they disliked the offer, it was well!
If all went right, the good ambassador
Was the chief man at every household feast;
The happy pair remembering, all their lives,
Whose ready hand had bound the nuptial tie.
But now, all this, with other good things too,
Is obsolete.—Each man woos for himself—
Each one must take a no, if no there be,
As it is given, and accept the shame.

The youth, who scarce had listened to all this,
And lapsed into abstraction, now replied:—
Let this be as it may, I go myself
To learn my fate out of the girl's own mouth.
In her I have the greatest confidence
That ever man reposed on womankind:
All that she says is good and sensible.
Should I see her no more, yet once again
Will I now meet the glance of her dark eyes;

Should I ne'er press her to my heart, yet still
I must again behold that lovely form
I have so longed to clasp within my arms,
And gaze upon the lips from which one kiss—
One little word—would bring me happiness—
And one word sink me down into despair.
Leave me alone! you need not wait. Go back,
And let my father and my mother know
Their son was right, and that the maid is true.
Leave me! The footpath leading o'er the hill
On to the pear tree, down the vineyard's slope,
Will take me soonest home. O! might I lead
That dear one home with me! Alas! perchance,
I may go back alone along the path,
And never tread it more in happiness.
He spake, and gave the minister the reins,
Who took them knowingly, and well held in
The foaming steeds, and mounted to the box
And quickly occupied the driver's seat.

Thou, cautious neighbour, hadst thy doubts, and saidst,
I put full trust in you, my friend, so far
As soul and spirit and instruction go;
But life and limb are not the most secure
When rev'rend hands attempt to hold the reins.

The clever priest at this laughed out, and said,—

Get in, and trust both soul and limb to me!
My hand was well accustomed, long ago,
To hold the reins, and well my eye was trained
To take the nicest turns. In Strasburg, once,
When the young Baron studied with me there,
We were accustomed to that kind of thing,
And every day the carriage rolled along,
With me as driver, thro' the echoing gate,
Out on the dusty road, until we reached
The water meadows and the linden grove,
Amidst the crowds who pass the day on foot.—
Half pacified, the neighbour mounted up,
But sat like one prepared to make a spring.
The horses, eager for the stall, rushed on,
And clouds of dust rose from their rapid hoofs.
Long stood the youth, and watched the dust ascend,
And watched it settle, and remained absorbed.

ERATO.

DOROTHEA.

As some lone wanderer who, with dazzled eye,
Has viewed the swift-descending sun at eve,
Still, in the darkling wood and by the rocks,
Where'er he gazes sees the rolling orb
Gleaming and wavering in coloured light:
So did the youthful maiden's lovely form
Appear to Hermann, passing on the way
Before his eyes, and gliding gently on.
The dream he shook aside, and moved along
Slowly towards the village, and again
Stood still, astonished, for again he saw
The tall and noble figure of the maid.
This time 'twas no illusion,—'twas herself.
In either hand she bare a water-jug,
And hastened tow'rds the fountain. He went on
With kindly look to meet her, and the sight
Gave him new life; and to his own surprise
At once he said,—Brave maiden! do I find

You here so soon, engaged anew in aid
Of others and in light'ning their distress?
Why come you to the fountain all alone,
Far as it is, whilst they appear content
To get their water from the village stream?
Some special virtues it must sure possess;
And you are fetching it for her you saved.

In cordial terms the fair maid greeted him,
And said,—My journey hither is repaid
Since I meet one who did so much for us.
It is as pleasant to behold the friend
As to receive the gifts. Come, now, and see
Those whom your charity has rendered glad,
And hear the quiet thanks of all you served.
But to inform you why I am come here
To draw my water, where the fountain flows
Clear and unfailing, I may tell you this,—
The water in the village has been spoilt
By thoughtless men who pass across the brook
With horses and with cattle; and besides,
The troughs and all the springs are rendered foul
By washing and neglect; for every one
Thinks only how to serve his purposes
As best he may, and quite forgets the rest.

Thus spake she: and the pair had now got down

The broad stone steps, and sat on the low wall
Around the fountain, and she stoop'd to draw;
He took the other pitcher and bent down
Above her; and they saw each other's form
Reflected in the light of the blue sky,
And o'er the mirror nods and greetings passed.
Now, let me drink! exclaimed the vent'rous youth;
So she reached him the pitcher, and they both
Paused for awhile, and in familiar guise
Leant o'er the vessel. Then the maiden asked,
How is it that I find you here alone,
Without the carriage and the horses, far
From where we met at first? How came you here?

Hermann looked down upon the ground in thought,
And then he calmly raised his eyes, and looked
With kindness into her's, and felt himself
Assured and calm; yet 'twas impossible
For him to speak of love: there was no love
In her fair eyes, but clear intelligence
Demanding an intelligent reply.
So he composed himself at once, and said,—
Let me now speak and answer your demands:
On your account I came; why hide the fact?
With my two parents I live happily,
Whose house and goods I truly help to keep,
As being the only son. Our trade is great.

I farm the land; my father rules the house;
My active mother occupies herself
With all its duties. But you are aware
How much domestics vex a housekeeper,
Either from levity or want of truth,
Provoking censure by perpetual faults,
And rend'ring constant change imperative.
Long has my mother wished to find a girl
To aid her,—not with hand alone, but heart,—
As did her daughter, whom she early lost:
And as I saw you standing here to-day
Beside the waggon, full of gladsome life,—
Saw your stout arm, and the sound healthfulness
Of every limb, and the good sense you showed,—
I was much struck, and hurried home again
To praise, before my parents and my friends,
The stranger as I ought. And now I come
To tell you what they wish as much as I,—
Pardon, I pray, my hesitating speech.

You need not hesitate, she said, to tell
What more you wish; I do not take it ill,
But gratefully anticipate your aim;
Only speak out, I shall not take offence.
You would engage me, as a servant-maid,
To overlook your parents' well-kept house;
And you believe that you would find in me

An active maiden fitted for the place,
And not a girl of rude untutored mind.
Short is your offer, and the answer, too,
Shall be the same:—yes! I will go with you,
And follow the plain call of destiny.
My duty is fulfilled:—I have conveyed
The mother to her friends, who all rejoice
At her deliv'rance; most of them are here,
The rest will not be long in following.
They all expect, ere long, to see their homes,
Sanguine, as exiled men are apt to be.
I flatter not myself with such light hopes
In these sad days, which promise days as sad.
The bonds of social life are loosed; and what
Can reunite them save a power supreme!
Can I support myself by servitude,
In the establishment of some good man,
Under his wife's protection,—I rejoice.
The wandering girl is but of light repute:
Yes! I will go with you; but first must take
My pitchers back again to my good friends,
And ask their blessing on my enterprise.

The youth heard gladly the fair maid's resolve,
And doubted whether to confess the truth;
But thought it best to leave the matter thus,
And think about his love when they got home.

And then, alas! he saw the golden ring
Upon the maiden's finger; so he paused
And let her speak, and listened silently.

Now, let us go, she said; they always blame
A girl who lingers at the fountain's side;
And yet, as the bright water gushes forth,
'Tis always sweet to rest in converse there.
So she stood up, and both together looked
Into the fountain, and soft hopes arose;
And silently she took her pitchers up,
Mounting the steps, with Hermann close behind.
He asked to carry one, and share the load.—
Not so, she said, the weight hangs better thus,
Nor ought the master, whom I soon must serve,
Serve me. Look not so earnestly, as if
My lot were hard. Let women learn to serve,
As circumstances and their state demand.
By servitude alone they come to rule,
And gain the well deserved authority
They then may claim at home. The sister serves
Her brother gladly, and her parents too;
Her life is spent in running to and fro,
Labouring, bearing, doing, setting right
For others. And 'tis well for her, when she
Is used to it, and when the hours of night
Are to her as the hours of the day,

And when she thinks no work too delicate,
No needle-point too fine,—when she forgets
Herself entirely, giving her whole life
For others. As a mother, too, she needs
These virtues, when the ailing baby wakes
And cries for nourishment. and cares are heaped
On suffering. Not twenty men in one
Could e'er endure a hardship such as this,
Nor is the duty theirs. Yet man should view
The lot of woman with due tenderness.

She spake, and with her still companion
Came thro' the garden to the barn, where lay
The invalid, whom she had gladly left
With the young maidens of the company,
Emblems of fair and rescued innocence.
They both went in, and from the other side—
A child in either hand—the judge appeared.
Their anxious mother had lost sight of them,
But the old man met with them in the crowd;
And forward sprang they to their mother's arms,
And to their little playfellow, unknown,
And Dorothea next with kind salute.
They wanted fruit, and bread, and, most of all,
Something to drink. And so she reached the jug:
And then all drank, wife, daughters, magistrate,
And were refreshed, and praised the beverage,
So fresh and brisk, and suited for man's use.

But, with an earnest look, the maiden said,—
Friends! 'tis the last time I shall reach my jug
For you to drink, and cool your parchèd lips.
And when, henceforth, on some hot burning day,
You drink, and in the shade enjoy your rest
By some clear fountain, then remember me,
And the few services I rendered you,
Rather from love than any other tie.
What you have done for me, throughout my life
I never shall forget. I leave with pain;
Yet every one is more a burthen now
To others, than a help. We must disperse
In foreign lands, when all hope of return
Becomes extinct. Here stands the youth to whom
We are indebted for the gifts to-day,—
The welcome nourishment,—the stock of clothes.
He comes to ask that I would go with him,
And serve his parents, who are rich and good.
And I refuse not. Maidens ought to serve,
And are a burthen when they stay at home.
I gladly follow him. He seems a youth
Of understanding; and his parents, too,
May be the same, as best becomes the rich:
So fare ye well, sweet friends, and take good care
Of the dear baby, looking at you now
So stout and healthy. Press him to your breast,
In his nice coloured clothes. And think, O! think

Of the good youth who gave all this to us,
And now takes me—your own—to feed and clothe.
And you, good man,—she turned towards the judge,—
I deeply thank; a father you have been.
Beside the invalid she then knelt down,
And kissed the weeping woman, and received
Her whispered blessing. And the worthy judge
Said then to Hermann:—You are right, my friend,
In dealing with such good and worthy men,
Who have been used to manage their affairs
Respectably. For I full oft have seen
That cattle, horses, sheep, are bought and sold
With ev'ry care, but men, who must be good
And active, or their undertakings fail,
Are taken in, as if by accident,
And over-hasty masters grieve too late.
It seems you know all this, for you select
An honest maiden for your father's house.
Then cherish her, so long as she is there;
A daughter and a sister will she prove.

And many now came in—near relatives—
With gifts, and offers of a better room.
All heard the maiden's purpose, and all blessed
Hermann with courteous look, and earnest thanks.
And some remarked, but in an undertone,
If he should need a wife, a wife is near.

Hermann then took her by the hand, and said,—
Let us depart; the day declines, the town
Is at some distance. Then the females all
Took Dorothea in their arms once more,
And Hermann led her off midst loud farewells.
But next the children came, with cries and tears,
And would not leave their second mother thus;
Till sev'ral women interposed, and said,
Be quiet, children; she goes to the town,
And she will bring you plenty of sweet cakes
Ere long, with nicely gilded ornaments,
Which little brother ordered as he came
Upon the stork.—And so they let her go;
And Hermann tore her from her friends' embrace,
The handkerchiefs still waving from afar.

MELPOMENE.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

So they advanced towards the setting sun,
Which deeply plunged itself in threat'ning clouds,
And from behind the veil, now here, now there,
Pour'd o'er the fields a wild portentous light,
With glowing rays. And Hermann said, I trust
This weather will not end in hail and rain,
For harvest is at hand.—Yet both enjoyed
The glorious sight of the high waving corn,
In which their lofty forms were almost hid.

The maid then said to her attentive guide,—
My friend, to whom I owe this happy change,
And home and shelter, when the gath'ring storm
Frowns o'er the exile's unprotected head;
Tell me now, first of all, and make me know
Your parents, whom, henceforth, I wish to serve
With my whole heart; for, when one knows one's lord,
One may the better hope to satisfy

His wishes in the things he most affects,
And upon which he chiefly sets his mind.
Tell me, then, how their kindness may be won.

The good and prudent youth made this reply :—
How much do I commend you, worthy maid!
For asking of my parents' character.
As to my father, I have tried in vain,
Up to the present time, to serve him right,
Tho' I have done the business of the inn
As if it were my own, and soon and late
Attended to the vineyard and the farm.
My mother I can satisfy. She knows
My real value; and you will appear
The best of maidens if you can conduct
The house almost as if you shar'd in it.
My father is not so; he also loves
To make a show. Good maiden! deem me not
Cold and unfeeling, that I thus describe
My father to a stranger. Yes! I vow
It is the first time that a word like this
Has ever passed my lips. 'Tis not my wont
To be so plain; but you have led me on
To open out the secrets of my heart.
My father loves the ornaments of life,
And outward show, no less than true regard;
And he would probably be quite content

With a bad servant, who thus humoured him,
And treat a good one with severity.

She gladly answered, as with quicker step,
And action light, she cleared the dark'ning path,—
Truly I hope to satisfy them both.
Your mother's disposition is like mine,
And I am trained to outward courtesy.
The French, our neighbours, in their palmy days,
Were ever courteous, both as gentlefolks
And citizens and peasants; and they taught
The lesson to their friends, till commonly
Upon the German side, amongst ourselves,
The very children, when the morning came,
With kissing of the hand and reverence
Greeted their parents, and throughout the day
Behaved accordingly. And all this I
Have learnt, and been accustomed to from youth,—
Whate'er my heart suggests will I observe
Towards your friends. But who will tell me, next,
How to conduct myself to you, their son,—
You, who will be my master at the last?

So spake she; and they now had got as far
As the old pear-tree. Brightly shone the moon,
Now full, down from the firmament. 'Twas eve,
And the last radiance of the sun was veiled,

And in broad masses, and with contrast wild,
Lights clear as day, and shades of darkest night,
Stretched out around them. Hermann gladly heard
Her friendly question, underneath the boughs
Of that fine tree, and in a place so dear—
The silent witness of his recent tears.
And as he placed her there, to rest awhile,
Taking her hand, th' enamour'd youth replied:—
"Consult your heart, and freely follow it."—
He dared to say no more, altho' the hour
Was fit. He feared to meet with a repulse.
Alas! he felt, besides, upon that hand
The evil sign—the little luckless ring.
And so they sat together silently.

She was the first to speak:—How sweet I find
This glorious moonlight, 'tis as clear as day!
I see distinctly, in the city there,
Houses and courts, and in yon gable end
A window.—One might almost count the panes.

What you behold, he said, with some reserve,
Is our own dwelling, whither we are going.
That window lights my chamber in the roof,
Which may be yours ere long. There must be change.
These fields are ours; and in the morn they reap.
Here we shall rest beneath the shade, and dine.

But through the vineyard and the garden now
Let us descend: the storm rolls overhead
With lightning, and will veil the lovely moon.

They rose, and wandered down into the fields,
Thro' the rich corn, enjoying still the light,
And entered then the vineyard's darker path.
And so he led her down the numerous steps,
Made with rough wood, of the green bow'ry road,
She leaning on his shoulder with her hand.
The moon looked down on them, with flickering gleam,
Thro' the thick foliage, till, involved in clouds,
It left the pair in darkness. The strong youth
Held up the maiden, who hung over him.
But she, all unfamiliar with the way
And the rude planks, made a false step; her foot
Gave way, and she was on the point to fall.
The thoughtful youth in haste stretched out an arm,
Supporting his belov'd, who lightly sank
Upon his shoulder. Breast was join'd to breast,
And cheek to cheek. Yet all unmoved he stood
Like marble statue, to his purpose firm;
Nor drew her nearer, but propp'd up her weight.
He felt the charming burthen,—the warm heart,—
The balsam of the breath her lips exhaled,—
And, with the feelings of a man, sustained
The pressure of the maiden's glorious form.—

But she concealed her pain, and sportively
Exclaimed,—Your superstitious people say
That it betokens quarrel when the foot
Fails one on coming near an unknown house;
Some better omen I might well have wished.
Let us stay here awhile, lest you be blamed
For my disaster; and your parents think
That you have proved a careless guide to me.

URANIA.

THE FUTURE.

Ye Muses! ever kind to truthful love,
Who, thus far, have led Hermann on his way
To the fair maiden's breast, altho' the vows
Of due betrothal were not interchanged,
Go on, and aid the charming pair to end
Their courtship; and at once disperse the clouds
That hang over their fortunes:—above all,
Say what took place when they arrived at home.

Thrice the impatient mother came again
Into the room she left so anxiously,
Talking of coming storms, and of the moon
So suddenly o'ercast, and of her son
Still out, and of the dangers of the night,
And sharply blamed their friends who left the youth,
And spake not with the girl, nor did one thing
In his behalf. The father crossly said,—

'Make not the evil worse;—we too, you see,
Are waiting, like yourself, for the result.'

The doctor, in his chair, said pleasantly,—
In restless times like these, I always thank
My sainted father, who tore up the roots
Of all impatience from my mind whilst yet
I was a boy, and that most perfectly.

Pray tell us, said the priest, what means he used.

His friend replied,—I will, most readily,
And let all take the lesson to themselves.
He then went on:—One Sunday, when a lad,
I stood and waited, most impatiently,
For the arrival of a coach, engaged
To take us to the lime-grove at the spring.
It came not, and I glided here and there
Like any weasel, and ran up and down,
First to the window, and then to the door:
My very hands were itching. I attacked
The table, stamped about, and nearly cried.
My father marked all this; and when at length
I was half crazy, took me by the arm
And led me to the window, and then spake
These thoughtful words:—See you yon joiner's shop,
Close shut, across the way? When morning comes

It will reopen, and the plane and saw
Work once again: thus go the busy hours
From morn till eve. But think of this, I pray,—
A morning will arrive when, with his men,
The master will lay out and make, with skill,
A coffin for yourself, and then bring here
That house of wood, the last receptacle
Of patient and impatient men alike,
And very soon its low roof will close in.—
With my mind's eye, I saw all this take place:
I saw the boards prepared, the black put on,
And sat, in patience, waiting for the coach.
When I see men expecting restlessly,
The coffin comes at once into my mind.

The priest he smiled, and said: The approaching form
Of death is not a terror to the wise,
Nor, to the good, an end of happiness:
One man it stimulates to active life;
And some it strengthens for their future good—
A hope in sorrow;—and to these stern death
Tends unto life. Your father acted wrong
In thus displaying death as death to you
Who were so sensitive. One ought to show
To youth the genuine worth of an old age
That nobly ripens; and to show the old
What youth should be: both then may contemplate

Th' eternal circle of events with joy,
And terminate, at last, their lives in life.

But the door opened, and the noble pair
Came in, and the kind parents and the friends
Saw with astonishment the girl's fine form
That match'd her lover's; aye! the very door
Appeared too small for figures such as theirs
To pass across the threshold side by side.

Before his parents Hermann stood, and said,—
Here is the maiden whom you wished to see
Within your house. Good father! welcome her
With kindness,—she deserves it. Mother, dear!
Ask her about the conduct of a house,
That you may see how fully she deserves
To be with you.—The priest he took aside
With haste, and said,—Good sir! assist me now
Out of this difficulty;—loose the knots
I cannot loose, which cause me so much fear.
I have not won the maiden for my bride;—
She thinks she enters as a servant here;
And much I apprehend that she will leave
If once we speak of marriage. Let all this
Be quickly settled: she shall not remain
Longer in error, nor can I endure
Further suspense: so come and show to us
The wisdom that we give you credit for.

The priest then turned towards the company.
Alas! already had the father's words
Troubled the maiden's spirit. He had said,
With the best feeling, in a cheerful way,—
I am well pleased, my child! With joy I find
My son inheriting his father's taste,
Which in his day he proved. The prettiest girl
He still led out to dance. The prettiest girl
He brought into his house to be his wife,—
It was the mother there. One knows a man
By her whom he selects,—what sort of mind
He has; and if he feels his proper worth.
You took but little time to settle it!
It seems 'tis no hard thing to follow him.

Hermann had heard imperfectly, but shook
In every limb, whilst all the rest were mute.

As to the maiden, whom these slighting words,—
For such she deemed them,—had most deeply hurt,
She stood, with blushes mantling o'er her face
And rosy neck, and then restrained herself,
Altho' she could not quite conceal her pain,
And said to the old man,—In truth, your son
Did not prepare me for a scene like this,
When he described the worthy citizen,
His father, who could bear himself so well

With every one, and know his company.
It seems you feel but little for the poor
Who cross your threshold with the wish to serve,
Or you would not have made it plain to me,
And that with bitter raillery, how far
My lot is from your own and from your son's.
'Tis true, I come with my small bundle here,
But well I know myself, and feel my place.
Can it be fair to pass such jests on me,
And thus repel me at the very door.

Hermann moved restlessly, and telegraphed
His reverend friend that he might interpose
And solve the error. He came forward then,
And saw the still displeasure of the maid,
Her grief repressed, her eyes suffused with tears;
And then he said to her, in terms severe,—
Surely, it was not well advised in you,
When you decided, in such headlong haste,
To enter thus an unknown stranger's house;
For such engagements fix one's fate for long,
And an assent may bring much suffering.
The worst of service is not weariness,
Nor yet the bitter sweat of grinding toil,—
For active freedom also takes to these:
But to endure a master's harsh caprice,
When he finds faults unjustly, and demands

Or this or that, at variance with himself,—
And women's violence, so soon provoked,
And the rude children's want of self controul :—
All this is hard; and hard to persevere
In doing your duty promptly, cheerfully,
Nor e'er hold back in sullen discontent.
Now, you appear to me unfit for this,
When a slight jest so deeply vexes you.
For what is there more common than to joke
A girl about her fancy for some youth ?

He spake. The maiden felt his cutting words,
And could no more restrain herself, but showed
Her feelings openly: her bosom heaved—
A sigh burst forth,—and with hot gushing tears,
She said at once,—The wise man who attempts
To counsel us in sorrow, does not know
How little his cold words can e'er avail
To free the breast from all the load of grief,
A higher power imposes. You are gay
And prosperous;—a jest disturbs you not;
But a sick man shrinks at the lightest touch.
No; 'twould not help me, even could I feign.
Let that be known which, at a future time,
Might bring still deeper pain, and sink me down
In silent, self-consuming hopelessness.
Let me depart! here can I not remain:

I will away, and try to find again
My old associates, whom, alas! I left
In misery, to seek a better lot.
This is my fixed intent, and only thus
Can I declare to you what otherwise
Must have remained concealed within my heart.—
Ah, yes! the father's taunts have wounded me;
And not that I am proud or sensitive,
As ill becomes a maid; but that, in truth,
An inclination rose within my breast
Towards the youth who came to us to-day.
Then when he quitted me upon the road,
He still was always present in my thoughts;
And of the happy maid I thought, whom he
Might soon, perhaps, select to be his wife.
When at the fountain's side we met again,
I joyed as if an angel had appeared,
And gladly came with him, as he proposed.
And my heart flattered me—I will confess—
As we came hither, I might merit him,
Could I become of value in the house.
But, ah! I fully see the peril, now,
That I incurred, in venturing to dwell
So near the object of my secret love.
And now I first perceive how far removed
Is the poor maid from a rich prosp'rous youth,
However good and fitting she may be.

All this I say, that you may not mistake
A heart that chance has wounded; and I bless
The chance that so reminds me what I am.—
Veiling from all my fond and secret wish,
I must have waited till he led his bride
Into the house at last, and how could I
Have then sustained my load of sad regrets?
The warning is well timed, and happily
Have I let loose this secret from my breast,
Whilst the disease as yet admits of cure.
I have said what I wished. Within this house
I will no longer stay, in which I stand
Ashamed and sorrowful, and well aware
Of my own feelings, and insensate hopes.
Not the dark night, with all its gathering clouds,
Shall stay me,—nor the thunder rolling near,
Nor yet the gushing rain, which beats without,
Nor the wild storm. All these I have sustained
In our retreat before advancing foes.
And I go forth again, as I am used,
Caught in time's whirlpool,—forced to part from all.
Farewell! I stay no longer. All is past.

She spake, retreating quickly to the door,
And holding still the bundle which she brought.
But the good mother, wond'ring and confused,
Seized her around the waist with both her arms,

And cried, What means all this? why these vain tears?
You leave not thus,—are you not Hermann's own?

The father looked at them with much disgust,
As they stood weeping, and said angrily,—
So this is kept for the concluding scene—
A final treat for us, to close the day.
Nothing I hate so much as woman's tears,
And noisy vehemence which but disturbs
What common sense would presently put right.
It wearies me to stay and look upon
These marvellous proceedings.—Settle it
Amongst yourselves, for I am going to bed.
And so he turned in haste toward his room,
Where stood the couch on which he used to sleep.
But his son stopped him, saying hastily,—
Father! go not, nor rail about the girl!
I only am to blame for these mistakes,
Unconsciously increased by our good friend.
Speak, worthy sir! my cause is in your hands;
Heap not contempt upon us! Let all end!
I could not honour you, as I have done,
If you took pleasure in another's pain.

On this the pastor smiled and made reply,—
This fair confession how could we have won,—
Which so reveals to us the maiden's heart?

Are not your cares all turned at once to joy?
What further explanation can you need?

Hermann stepped forward now, and kindly said,—
Regret no more your tears and transient pain;
They crown my happiness, and, as I trust,
Your own. I did not seek the fountain's side
To find a servant in the stranger maid,—
I went for love. But ah! my bashful glance
Could not detect the bias of your heart,
And in those eyes I only traced goodwill,
As in the tranquil mirror of the pool
You greeted me; but yet to lead you here
Seemed always half of what I hoped to gain,
Now grant the rest! Exchange the sacred pledge!

The maid, with deep emotion, turned her eyes
Upon the youth, and shunned no more the kiss,
Or the embrace—that height of earthly joy—
That pledge to lovers of a future bliss,
Which seems to them as if it ne'er could end.

The priest had told his tale to all the rest;
But the young maiden came before her host,
Bending herself with feeling and with grace,
To kiss the hand which he drew back, and said,—
'Twere just in you to pardon one deceived,
First her distress, and now her tears of joy!

Forgive my first impulse, and also this,
And let me keep my new-born happiness!
Yes! may the first displeasure I have caused
In my confusion, also be the last;
And every duty which a truthful maid
Takes on her, will your daughter execute.

The father now embraced her, and scarce hid
His tears. The mother kissed her heartily—
Whilst hand in hand the silent females wept.
On this, the good and prudent minister
Seized hastily the old man's hand, and took
First from his finger the betrothing ring,
(Not without difficulty, for the joint
Was round and plump), and then the mother's ring,
And bound the youthful couple, and spake thus:—
O may these little golden rings avail
To form a bond like that they formed before.
The youth is deep in love with this fair maid,
And the maid owns herself attached to him.
So here I bind you, and your future years
I bless, with your good parents' full consent,
And in the presence of these witnesses.—
The doctor failed not to congratulate;
But when the priest put on the maiden's hand
The golden circlet, with surprise he saw
Which Hermann had so anxiously observed
Ere this, beside the fountain; so he said,—

But said it in a kind and sportive way,—
A first engagement! how is this? I trust
The gentleman will not appear to us
Before the altar, and annul the bond.

But she replied:—O! let me consecrate
To one remembrance a short moment!—he
Who left it, as he parted from my side,
And ne'er returned to wed me, merits this.
All he foresaw, when love of liberty,
And the desire to move in higher spheres,
Took him to Paris, where he only found
A dungeon and a grave. He said, "Farewell!
I go, for everything on earth is moved;
All seems to split, and the foundations fail
E'en of the firmest states; whilst property
Parts from its ancient owners, friend from friend,
Nay, love itself from love. I leave you here;
And where,—if ever,—we may meet again,—
Who knows? This interview may be our last.
They say, and say with truth, that here on earth
Man is a stranger only; and all men
Are more so now than ever heretofore.
No longer is the soil our own,—its wealth
Alters; its gold and silver melt away
And lose the old and venerated types.
All heaves, as if the universe, once formed,
Would turn, and sink in chaos and in night,

And form itself anew. Keep me your heart,
And if we find each other once again,
Triumphant o'er the wreck, O! we shall feel
Like beings renewed, and glorified, and free,
And independent of the turns of chance.
What can enchain the man who has outlived
Such days as these!—But if 'tis not to be
That we escape the danger, and again
Taste the still pleasures of domestic life,
Yet keep my image floating in your mind,
That with like courage you may be prepared
For good and ill! If a new home invites,
To other ties, enjoy with thankfulness
What heaven assigns. Sincerely love your friends,
And hold fast to the good. But move with care;
The double pain of a fresh loss may come.—
Blest be thy days! Esteem e'en life itself
As other blessings, which may shortly fail."
So spake he, and I never saw him more.
All lost I then. How many times have I
Mused o'er the warning! and I think of it
E'en now, when love again brings happiness,
And opens out to me the noblest hopes.
O pardon me, kind friend! that, even here,
Upon your arm, I tremble, as they say
That sailors, who at length have gained their port,
Fancy the solid ground rocks under them.

Thus spake she, and together drew the rings.
But Hermann said, with manly sympathy,—
Be our engagement all the firmer now,
My Dorothea! for such shocks as these.
We will maintain, and render permanent,
And firmly hold, the treasure we have won;
For he who in unsettled times is weak,
Adds to the evil, and expands its growth.
But he who clings to his own just intent,
Can make the world his own. It ill becomes
A German to give place to wav'ring fears,
And oscillate as every breeze impels.
Let us assert and stoutly keep our own!
For always honoured are the resolute,
Who for their God, and right, and wife, and child,
Combine with firmness to repel the foe.
Mine are you; more than you were mine before.
My treasure I will not enjoy and guard
With anxious care, but bravely, and with pow'r.
And if an enemy should threaten now
Or henceforth, arm me, give to me my sword.
The house, and my dear parents, in your care,—
I turn my breast against the enemy;—
And if all thought like me, then might would stand
To cope with might, and peace and joy prevail.

THE END.

NOTES.

"Old Fritz".—Preface, p. 2.

THUS Goethe used to designate Frederick the Great, who was born thirty-seven years before himself, so that, when the famous seven years war broke out, he was about seven years of age. Three years afterwards Frankfort was occupied by the French, and a French officer of rank billeted in the house of Goethe's father. Although the old counsellor was by no means to be appeased, his son, a lively, highly gifted lad, was soon won over by the accomplishments and attractions of their new inmate.

But this extraordinary conflict brought discord into the family of Goethe, as it entailed loss and misery on Germany. His grandfather, inclining to the cause of France, declaimed against Frederick; his father against Austria and the French; and a final rupture ere long took place between them. Young Wolfgang was dazzled by the brilliant achievements of the Prussian king, and thought the world itself unjust, because he so often heard him censured. This boyish enthusiasm soon cooled down. The presence of the French was a source of new enjoyment to him, —he perfected himself in the language,—he had free

admission to the theatre, in which he always took great delight,—he read Racine,—he even wrote a play. But this fancy soon cooled down, as well as his political zeal. A clever boy-companion treated his first essay with rude severity, and cast the "unities", and so on, in his teeth. On this, Goethe went home and read; and ended by rejecting the whole system. At twenty-two, still scorning every trammel, he wrote *Götz von Berlichingen*, and afterwards had the disgust of reading, in one of the King of Prussia's works, the following notice of his first celebrated drama:—"You see the abominations of Shakespear adopted, and the audience delighted with ridiculous farces worthy of Canadian savages. And now *Götz von Berlichingen* appears upon the stage, a 'detestable imitation' of those vile English plays. The pit applauds, and demands a repetition of the disgusting platitudes." How Goethe, when he visited Berlin with the Grand Duke in 1778, loathed the great Frederick, and all his ways and his surroundings! Frederick took no notice of him; and he made no advances, and shunned the "literati of Berlin".

In many respects Frederick was truly great, but in others aggressive and tyrannical. In early life his father treated him with harshness, and denied him the proper privileges of his age and station. Consequently, having a strong taste and, at the same time, no small talent for literature, he turned to books and study for relief, and sought Voltaire as his associate and director. There was, then, but little to attract him nearer home. It is not to be wondered at, under such circumstances, that he should forsake the German for the French. And, perhaps, it was well

for German literature that it sprang up unpatronized and unbiassed by "old Fritz".

"Some sixty years ago."—Preface, p. 7.

It is not far from ninety years since Germany, with one consent, bestowed her literary crown on Goethe. One seems, nevertheless, to regard him as a phenomenon of far more recent date. It was not till the arrival amongst us of the great and good Prince, whose premature loss England is even now deploring, that the study of the German language became common with us. In Goethe's day, not even the distinguished company of poets who flourished at that time knew much about it. Samuel Taylor Coleridge alone was a proficient in German, though Sir Walter Scott learned enough to translate *Götz von Berlichingen*, and did what he did, and availed himself of it too, with a true Teutonic instinct. It reflects especial honour on Lord Byron that, although he was only able to acquaint himself with Goethe through the medium of translation, he yet saw his greatness, and was prompt to acknowledge it. In 1817—he died in '24—he writes to Murray,—"I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes from Goethe's *Faust* (of which some were bad and some good)." But the dedication of *Sardanapalus* runs thus:—"To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege—*the first of existing writers*, who has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe." "Faust" and "Manfred" never met, although the strong feeling of mutual respect continued till the last. In 1823,

Stirling delivered a few lines to Goethe at Weimar, from Byron, who was journeying towards Greece; and Goethe, then past his seventieth year, hastily wrote two or three cordial stanzas, which reached Byron at Leghorn, just as he was going to embark on his last wild and fatal expedition. The answer was—"Illustrious Sir,—I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked, for the lines which my young friend Mr. Stirling sent me of yours; and it would ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him, who for fifty years has been the *undisputed sovereign* of European literature. . . . . If ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers." Now, enthusiastic crowds of admirers in England read and study Goethe with ever increasing wonder and delight. Perhaps no author ever acquired such complete ascendancy over so many, and especially so many highly intellectual minds. We know how the Humboldts, and Herders, and Schillers, who were his friends and knew him, reverenced his mental qualities. But even here in England, in the proportion that we get to understand him, we sympathize with them. A spell and a fascination come upon us; we would fain devote ourselves to him for months or years; his defects, at first so palpable, seem gradually to fade away before the increasing light. It is not his genius alone which lays this hold on the attention. It is his individuality, his calm, unfailing power and truthfulness, his marvellous fecundity of profound and living thought, the beauty of his poetry, which is no fiction, but rather strong reality, his large benevolence, his earnest and reverential treatment of the highest and most important subjects.

"Amusement."—Preface, p. 8.

This expression, now that I turn back to it, puts me in mind of "reading Shakespear some wet afternoon". I took up *Hermann* idly, as I might have taken up any other book, to wile away a leisure hour, and I enjoyed it. I brooded over the finest passages, and tried to render them into English verse; eschewing, however, the modern Hexameter—"sanguine viperino cautius". So the "little amusement" became a serious task, destined to affect, not indeed my good name, but yet certainly two letters of it. Should any one, with not much time to spare, and with no German, seek for amusement in this my book, I trust that he will find it. But "if, as I believe, it's vein be good", he may find also the trace of beauties and excellencies, of the existence of which he had no previous idea. *Hermann* steals upon us as a pretty tale, well and simply told, and ends in displaying itself as the great work that Humboldt and Schiller thought it. Yet is it no epic, any more than *Marmion* or *The Lady of the Lake;* nor, unless Carlyle should tell us that it is, shall we ever waver in our conviction.

"Modern Hexameters."—Preface, p. 11.

We have no poem of any consequence in Hexameters, nor, as I trust, are we likely to have any. It is about forty years since the learned Southey was tempted by his evil genius to write that unfortunate work, the *Vision of Judgment*, and to write it in the ancient measure. As might have been expected, it went down at once "to the tomb of all the Capulets",

amidst a perfect "huée" of ridicule and abuse. The question of the metre was cleverly and stringently discussed; and the unanimous verdict was, that it was wholly unsuited to our language.

In *Evangeline*, the innovation obtained a partial and ephemeral success. The author felt that our verse was founded on accent, and not, like that of Homer and of Virgil, on quantity alone; and, trusting to his own taste rather than to any theories, he made the very best of the difficulties before him. Nor was the English reader in any mood to cavil. *Evangeline*, notwithstanding the shewing-up of the proud and heartless "Britishers",—the aforesaid Hexameters, some of which it might almost give one a fit of bronchitis to read aloud,—and the needlessly painful conclusion,—is certainly a very attractive poem. It has one merit in common with *Hermann*,—it is a delightful picture of simple, but good and graceful common life.

German hexameters are less offensive than English ones, chiefly, perhaps, because there are more long words in German than in English, so that the lines are considerably less broken up. Many distinguished German writers have used the hexameter, which was introduced by Klopstock himself. Voss wrote hexameters in profusion; and finally, the interesting *Idyll*, or rural poem of *Luise*, to which, in all probability, we owe the higher and more elaborate *Hermann und Dorothea*. Endorsed by such authorities, and not proving disagreeable to the popular ear, the hexameter appears to be fairly naturalized in Germany. To me it was a perpetual drawback, even in going through *Hermann*. I cannot away with the short lame canter and irregular

hitch, nor travel through a poem comfortably at any such unnatural pace.

"Ne'er have I seen the market and the streets
So lonely!"—Calliope, p. 17.

Many readers love to criticise; and many, too, unlike the genial Addison, seem to consider the art of criticism as little else than the art of finding fault. To such the first book of *Hermann* may appear tame and common-place, and the second and third rather of the same character. As a German translator—say of one of Scott's beautiful romances—might fear lest the introductory chapters should cause a sense of weariness and check the reader at the outset, we may have some little anxiety on commencing *Hermann*. If we can only get our most critical reader safely into the garden with the dear old "Mutter," all will be right. He *must*, in spite of himself, go on to the very end, not only without a single growl, but with growing pleasure and surprise. He will have tasted the lotus, and be unable to shake off its influence.

We all—and we are legion—are pleased with the opening of *Hermann*. The scene is a bright and peaceful one. We like the pleasant kindliness of the worthy couple; the doctor's homely yet graphic account of the evils of the march; the little entertainment, and particularly the host's firm trust in Providence, and his love for his country and the glorious Rhine. The host and hostess are sketches, in a humble garb, of Goethe's own parents. The tale is founded on fact. I do not see how anyone can read

this first Canto without being convinced that it leads to something of no ordinary kind.

"Our houses were about the best
After the fire."—Thalia, p. 46.

The gossiping old doctor's house, which he had made so good and handsome only twenty years ago, was already somewhat behind the times. He here describes its early state with no little retrospective pride, regretting its decay, and looking with some envy at neighbour Rasch's newly decorated mansion. The doctor was plain, but shrewd, active, and serviceable, although rather narrow-minded; and his "poverty, rather than his will," consented to shutting out the restorers, and suffering his front, his garden, and his saloon to become daily more and more neglected and out of fashion.

Goethe had an almost conservative love for the manners and customs of his early life. He well remembered the quaint carved and gilded rooms, and the formal gardens of dear old Gothic Frankfort, in which he had so often sported happily in youth. His father and his mother, and his early home, were vividly present to his mind in writing *Hermann*.

The doctor's grotto reminds one,—if the shade of Pope will pardon me for saying so,—of the famous grotto at Twickenham, which I believe still exists,—

—— "The shadowy cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill.
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow."

The doctor's guests, who sometimes took their coffee with him, were not quite Bolingbrokes or Wyndhams; but, on the other hand, his grotto must have been by far the least "sloppy" of the two,—a solid advantage.

"Can men thus stand like two opposing rocks?"—Euterpe, p. 58.

"They stood aloof,—the scars remaining,—
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."—
Coleridge's *Christabel.*

"I will give you the particulars
Of her becoming dress."—Polyhymnia, p. 68.

"Parler toilette" is quite out of our way. We have a very confused notion of the precise import of the words "Mieder" and "Latz". I suppose, however, though chiefly from the context, that the "Mieder" was a kind of close jacket reaching from the collar to the waist; and that the "Latz" was a girdle, or corset, or boddice, of red, connecting the dark-coloured "Mieder" with the ample skirt of blue.

"La Fleur" purchased himself, in Paris, a suit of clothes for holidays, whereof the waistcoat was blue, and the shorts were red, which, observes Sterne,

somewhat apologetically, "as the blue was not violent," suited well enough. Sterne regarded his valet simply as a smart young Frenchman. Goethe regards *Dorothea* as a very prominent object of elaborate art. The use and importance of the girl's red corset are like those of the bright red buoy at sea in Turner's picture? Could Turner be brought back, and paint for us the fountain, the village, the setting sun, and the moonlight scenes, we should perceive at once the full significance of the "red corset."

"He who clings to his own just intent,
Can make the *world his own*."—Page 118.

Goethe's mother might well have said to him, as the good "mutter" did in *Hermann* to her son,—

"The trumpet and the drum
Have got no charms for thee."

There were no warlike or political elements in his whole composition. When his friends reproached him for not, at least, writing Odes to rouse his countrymen to a more vigorous defence of "Faderland," he used to reply, that he felt no hatred, and could not assume it. Perhaps, on the whole, little as he liked the tastes and opinions of the French, he liked them better in a Frenchman than in a king of Prussia; and liked Napoleon, in his way, better than he had ever done "Old Fritz," classing them both, as no doubt he did, amongst the chiefest scourges of mankind. War was not his vocation, nor heroic verse his *forte*. He could be of no direct use, and so he sat, like Jupiter on his Olympus, calmly regarding the "fantastic tricks" of men, but yet try-

ing—"delectando pariterque monendo"—to lure them to the pursuit of better things. Of the horrors of war he saw and heard enough, having lived through the seven years war, the revolutionary period, and the whole of Napoleon's stormy career. He had some little personal experience besides. In 1790, the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick invaded France, to restore Louis XVI to his throne. Carl August went with the army in command of a regiment, and his friend Goethe went with him, though not in a military capacity. The expedition turned out a blank failure. A defeat at Valmy, and the want of co-operation on the part of the people, soon caused the Prussians to beat a final retreat. Goethe wrote a journal of this brief campaign. The soldier's life was far from pleasing to him. "Happy is he," said Goethe, "whose bosom is filled with a higher passion." To understand some of the sensations of the warrior, he once rode coolly to an outwork, when the wounded and the dead were lying on the bloody ground, and the shot was flying past his ears. *Ennui* disposed him for excitement, and his courage—of which no man had a larger share—rose in the midst of danger. In 1796, the army of the Rhine being weakened in consequence of 30,000 men having been drafted off for Italy, the French, under Jourdan and Moreau, passed the Rhine and forced the Austrian army to give way. The Archduke, however, having effected a junction with his colleague, Wartensleben, soon turned and signally defeated the enemy. Then it was that the peasantry rose and sought vengeance, as described by the old magistrate in *Hermann*.

The year after these events, Goethe, in six short

months, composed the poem of his affections, "Hermann und Dorothea." Had it been written some years later, the fine war-passages might, perhaps, have been more strong. In 1806, the thunders of Jena stirred Goethe in his quiet home at Weimar. A second time he saw the house in which he dwelt overrun by Frenchmen, and men very different from the polished Count Thorane, who had been quartered in his father's house. Weimar was pillaged, and the Grand Duke exposed to insult. For once—although his own property had been held sacred—he was in a rage. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "I will sing," said he, "for bread. I will chant the dishonour of Germany. The children shall learn the song of our shame, and sing my master on his throne,—your's off."

Two years more, and Napoleon comes to the Congress at Erfurt, not far from Weimar, and the Emperor of Russia, and various minor potentates come there to meet him. Talma plays at the theatre, and the two emperors sit together, and the kings, "minora sidera," place themselves behind. By this time Goethe must have become more composed. The Grand Duke was well received, and he himself invited to an audience with Napoleon, at which Talleyrand was present. As soon as the Emperor saw him, he said, "*Vous êtes un homme.*" He next asked how old he was, and was answered,—sixty. It appeared —strange to say,—that he had read *Werther* no less than seven times, and had even carried it with him into Egypt. The impression of Goethe's perfect manliness was not effaced by nearly an hour's conversation. "*Voilà un homme!*" exclaimed the Emperor, as he retired. Alas, for the memory of Fre-

derick, who had now been dead ten years! How could he be great who had reviled *Götz von Berlichingen?* How could he not be great who had read *Werther* seven times? Before long, Goethe and Wieland were presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The War of Independence began in 1813, but Goethe sang no battle songs. He thought that Germany struggled in vain against the arms of Napoleon. He remarked to Körner, "The man is too powerful; you will not shake off your chains, you will only press them deeper into your flesh." For once he was mistaken. The Germans were firm, England still fought and subsidized, and the star of Buonaparte sank to rise no more.

For some of the information in the above notes, I am indebted to Lewes's most interesting *Life of Goethe*. It should be in the hands of all who wish to study that great writer.

T. RICHARDS, 37 GREAT QUEEN STREET (W.C.)

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